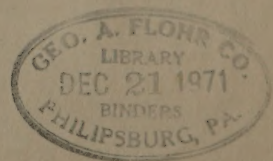


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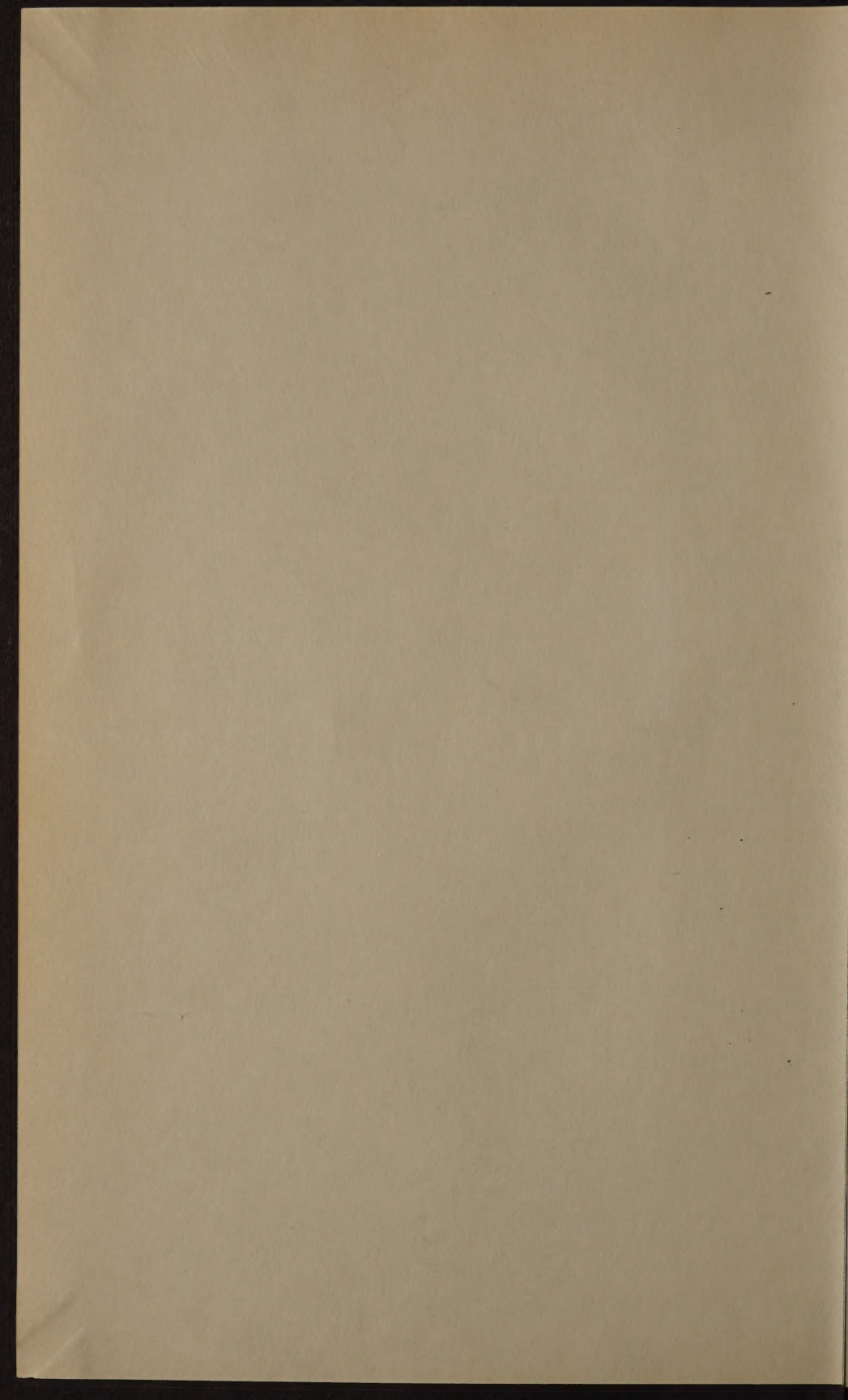


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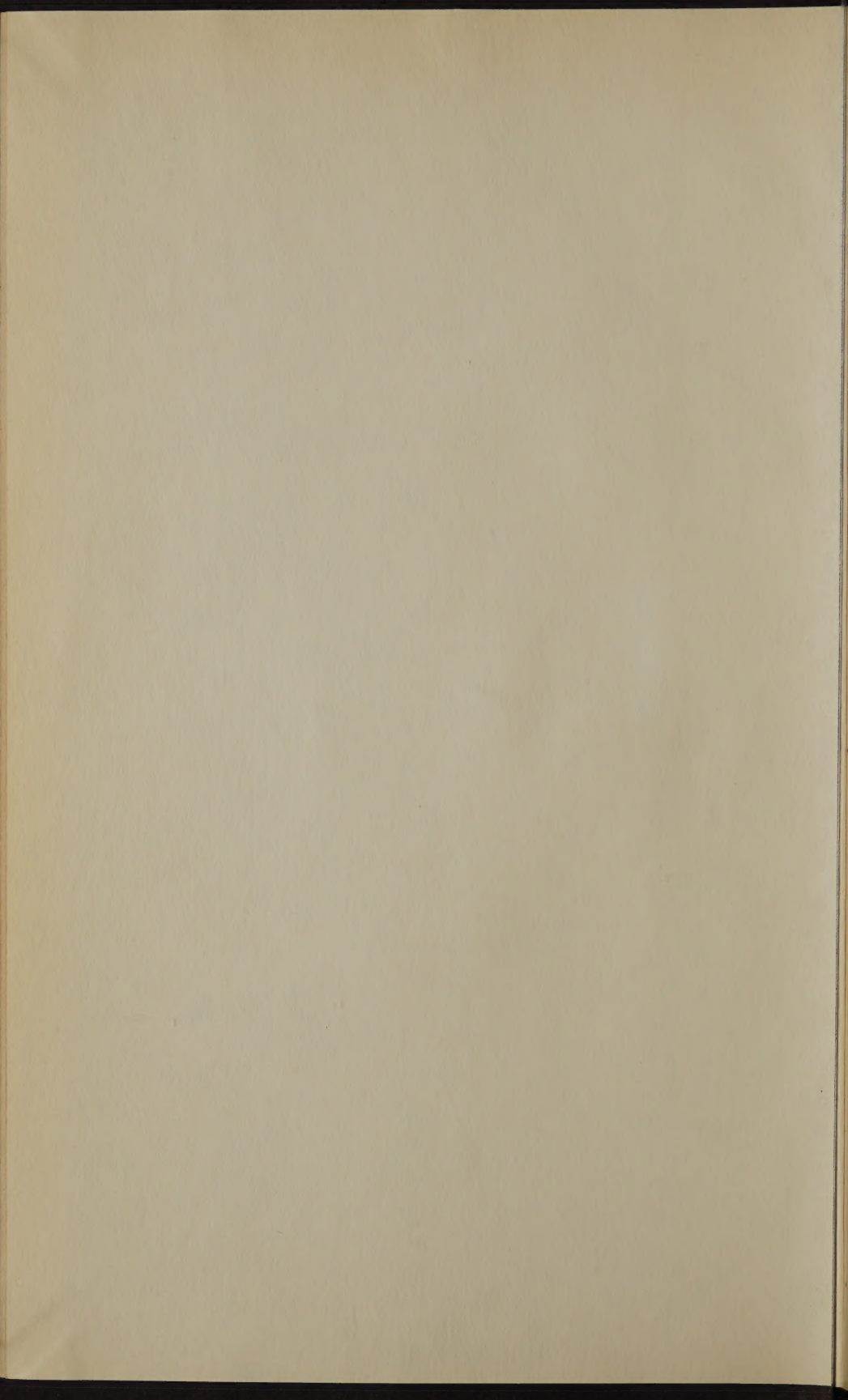
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Recollections

of Bygone Days

in The Cove

VOLUME 3



BY ELLA M. SNOWBERGER

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED
IN THE
MORRISONS COVE HERALD

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Miss Snowberger is well qualified by reason of her Morrisons Cove ancestry to write the series of articles embraced in this volume of "Recollections of Bygone Days in the Cove." She is descended on all family lines from pioneer settlers. Thus by birth and family traditions the Cove inspires in her the warm affection which we reserve for the place we call home.

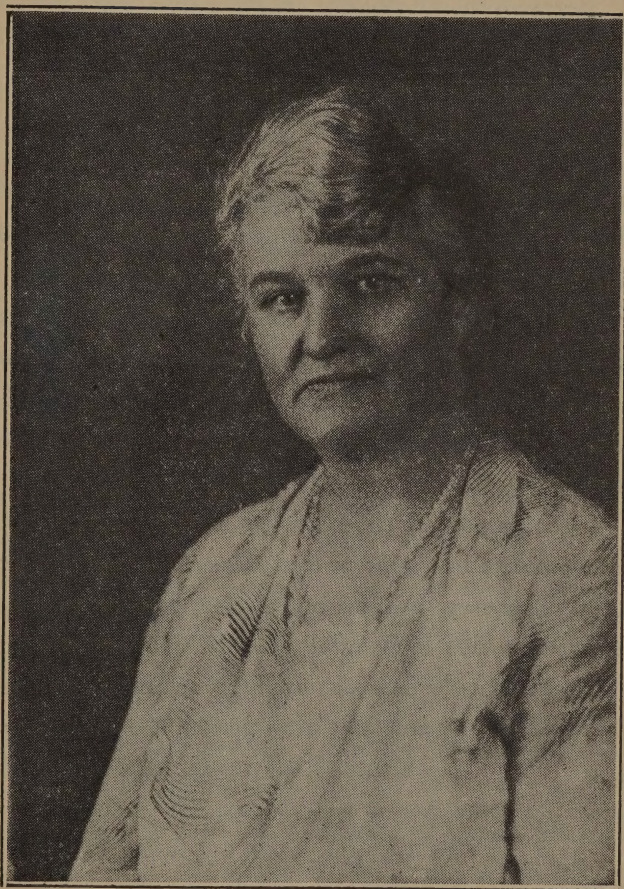
In her childhood she listened with rapt attention to stories through which marched a fascinating procession of ghosts, Indians, robbers, local wits and champions of brawn and the hunt.

They interested her so much that she felt she would like to pass on to others similar tales of old times which are rapidly passing out from the memory of living men and women.

She is employed in the Register and Recorder's Office of Blair County. Formerly she taught school and for a period of four years was a newspaper reporter on the staff of The Altoona Times and The Tribune. Her residence is Curryville.

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THE AUTHOR



ELLA M. SNOWBERGER

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FOREWORD

With the best wishes of the season the Morrisons Cove Herald presents this little volume of "Recollections of Bygone Days in the Cove" to you, a valued subscriber.

This is Volume 3 of a series of booklets which preserve the writings contained in the series of articles written for The Herald by Miss Ella M. Snowberger. The volume likewise includes some of the contributions of several other Herald writers.

The purpose of The Herald in issuing these booklets is to preserve in a more or less permanent form, the personal experiences of some of the older folks whom Miss Snowberger has interviewed in order that present and future generations may look back through their eyes upon the Cove and its people as they were in the olden times.

MORRISONS COVE HERALD

A FAMILY FROM THE ALPS

Never had the Alps mountains looked more beautiful or seemed more dear.

It was the year 1750, Johannes Snowberger and his little family group looked at the beloved mountains with yearning tenderness and regret.

For so many generations had the mountains been the home of the Snowbergers that love for their native "crags and peaks" was bred into their very souls.

Farmers and shepherds, they had dwelt for so long among the upper slopes of the Alps, that they had taken their family name from them. For Snowberger, Schneeberger, as it was in the original German, means, "one who lives in the snow mountain."

It was said of them that the feet of succeeding generations of these people had so persistently pressed the precipitous heights that they had become broadened and elongated. Hence it became quite a joke to declare that the Snowbergers were known by their big feet.

Here then was Johannes Snowberger, with his wife and children, taking his last look at the majestic cloud-wreathed Matterhorn, Jungfrau and Mount Blanc.

For the last time he cast his eyes on the glory of the snow crowned peaks as the sun illuminating them, turned them into jeweled diadems. He was saying farewell to his native land. He and his wife and children were leaving Switzerland forever.

Leave For New World

Turning their faces westward they started out on the long and hazardous journey to America.

They had been happy in Switzerland, but a deep-seated desire for liberty of conscience and the exercise of the right to worship God in accordance with their faith and conviction, impelled them to break the ties of home in exchange for the uncertainties and discomforts of the new world.

Stories had come to their ears of a province in that far off America where religious tolerance was guaranteed. It was known as Penn's Woods, or Pennsylvania. It was this province wherein they sought their future home.

It had been founded by a member of the British nobility, who had embraced the tenets of the humble sect of Quakers. His name was William Penn.

Johannes Snowberger also belonged to one of the lowly struggling Protestant sects which was gradually gaining strength. He was affiliated with the German Reformed denomination.

Perhaps the last thing the little band of wanderers heard was a good-by, God bless you, yodeled by the friends they were leaving behind and whom they would never see again in this world.

The crescendo of the high-pitched head tones of the yodel had been developed as the medium of communication among the Swiss mountaineers. Its carrying power as it echoed along the heights was utilized to send forth heartening greetings from lonely shepherds to distant comrades who also were keeping solitary watch over their flocks.

Good Lesson In Folk Tale

I wonder whether remembrance of the folk tale about the key flower came to mind as the Snowbergers embarked on their journey.

You may recall the story of the Swiss shepherd boy, who one day plucked a strange blue flower which grew on the hill side.

As he held it in his hand, suddenly a cavern yawned at his feet. Entering it, he beheld a chamber stored with vast treasures of gold and precious stones. A wizened looking dwarf or gnome presided over the wealth, who bade the boy to help himself.

He readily did so, filling his cap and pockets with the largest and most brilliant of the gold pieces and the gems.

Persistently the gnome droned, "Don't forget the best."

Then the boy searched for more valuable treasures which he might have overlooked. Satisfied that he had selected the best, he eventually stepped from the treasure chamber into the familiar haunts of the mountain side.

But lo! The cavern disappeared and the treasures he had gathered turned into worthless pebbles. He had forgotten the best. He had left behind the key flower which had gained him access to the hidden wealth.

Johannes (John as it is in English) Snowberger was not likely to forget the best. His ambition was not to amass gold and precious stones. All he asked was the opportunity to create a home by no help other than his own industry and that of his family.

Above even this humble objective was the desire that the new land would grant him the privilege of ordering his life and worshiping God as his inmost convictions directed.

Eventually the emigrants landed at Philadelphia. They continued westward to the fringe of the frontier.

Make Home in Penna.

John Snowberger passed over the fertile areas of the lowlands. He was seeking the ranges of the Alleghanies in the hope that the mountains would assuage his homesickness.

At length he found the location he sought. He bought a farm at "Snow Hill," at a distance of two and one-half miles north of what is now Waynesboro.

In fact, this rugged section so strongly reminded the Swiss settlers of their home land that they called the region Little Switzerland.

While the Snowberger Family Reunion association flourished during the years from 1906 to 1913, a great deal of genealogical data had been collected. It was definitely established by means of the research then made that John Snowberger was the progenitor of all the Snowbergers in America.

At least no other branch could be located, although communication was

had with the clan, scattered all over the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Neither were any yodelers found among them. While here and there, among the offshoots of the family tree, there were some good singers and musicians, on the whole music does not seem to be the long suite of the Snowbergers.

They have never been beguiled far from their first love-the soil. Representatives of the family have penetrated the professional ranks and the skilled trades, but the majority still cling to farming. The Snowberger name is synonymous with good farming.

Sketch of First Snowbergers

Johnannes, or John, Snowberger was twice married. His first wife died in Switzerland. By her he had three sons, John, Ulrich and Joseph. It was from Ulrich that the Cove Snowbergers are descended.

John, Ulrich's brother, never married. Here is another characteristic of the family that has consistently followed the generations. There is a large percentage of bachelors and spinsters among them. The accepted term used to be old maid.

Joseph, the other brother died, unmarried, at the age of 25. In a letter written to Daniel T. Snowberger, formerly of Martinsburg, now of Allentown, by D. H. Fahrney, of Waynesboro, in 1908, the writer stated that the Ulrich Snowberger farm at Snow Hill at that time was still in the family name. Snowbergers had owned it successively for 146 years.

By his second wife, John Snowberger had two sons and two daughters, namely, Jacob (Yuckle), Anna, Maria and Andrew (Andreas).

Andrew, or Andreas, married Barbara Carper, who became converted to the Seventh Day Baptist faith. Thereafter she was unflinching in her efforts to persuade her husband, who, it seems, was a Dunkard, to come over to her belief.

Discussion must have waxed constant and emphatic, but Andrew held out against her. He exercised another well-known family trait. When a

Snowberger makes up his mind it stays that way.

The up-shot of the controversy was that Barbara left home to go to Ephrata where the Seventh Day Baptists maintained the cloisters which had no inconsiderable place in Colonial, especially Revolutionary, history.

With her child in her arms, Barbara walked over the mountain trail a distance of four miles or so when she stopped at a neighbor's home to spend the night.

In the meantime Andrew, left to his wifeless and childless devices, experienced a change of heart.

At any rate, early the next morning, he appeared at the home where his wife and child had spent the night, with a couple of saddle horses, ready to escort them home. Furthermore he expressed his willingness to observe the Seventh Day as the Sabbath.

Seventh Day Cloister Built

Eventually Andrew Snowberger and his wife, in conjunction with fellow members of the Seventh Day Baptist denomination, conceived the idea of founding a cloister similar to the one at Ephrata.

The farm at Snow Hill was deeded to the church and in 1814 the first of a series of brick buildings was erected. Successively three other buildings 30 by 40 feet were put up, thus forming one long two and one-half story structure, approximately 150 feet in length and 30 feet wide.

It was called the nunnery. Unmarried people of both sexes were admitted. Their lives within the cloister were devoted to religious ritual and the work which made the institution virtually self-sustaining.

A grist mill, cooper and blacksmith shop, supplemented the products of the 156 acre farm. The brothers and sisters in their communal life shut out from the world, each had their allotted day's task.

The nunnery was a place of peace, simplicity and self-denial. It was discontinued as a cloister in 1895, following the death of the last inmate,

Obed Snowberger, by name.

For years afterward the church authorities permitted it to remain as it was when it was the center of a busy, rigid communal life.

Visitors were charmed with its quaint austerity and old-fashioned air. It was a veritable treasure house of antiques. Lately the Brother and the Sister houses have been dismantled. Part of it is occupied by the pastor of the Snow Hill Seventh Day Baptist congregation, Rev. J. A. Pentz, and his family.

The Snow Hill nunnery farm, so closely identified with the earliest history of the Snowberger family, is peculiarly interesting to each one bearing the name. It has been the mecca of many pilgrimages by the members of the clan from all over the United States. The beauty of the location and the spell of the sincerity of the lives that had once been cloistered therein, exert an appeal that is deeply felt.

Monument To Ancestors

The Blair County Snowberger Family association had a monument erected about twenty-two years ago in the Snow Hill cemetery to commemorate the memory of Johannes Snowberger and his wife.

A historical sketch of Snow Hill written by Miss Emma C. Monn, of Waynesboro, furnished the source to the present writer for the facts about the Nunnery.

While this article was necessarily greatly condensed to conform to limited space, enough has been given to show that the Snowbergers were among the original inhabitants of the land of William Tell.

They value above all things the liberty of thought and of action which the peoples of the world have come to associate with the Swiss, who have maintained their independence in defiance of centuries of European intrigue.

HERALDINGS

We generally find time in which to do the things we really want to do.

We often think that we think and that is about as far as we get.

TALES OF MIGHTY HUNTERS

Deer stalking up to your front door in easy range of your gun, asking to be shot.

With a vision like that floating before his eyes, a hunter most likely would say to himself, "Must have been cat napping that time. But it sure was a pleasant dream while it lasted."

However it was no dream sixty-five or seventy years ago. David M. Klepser, retired miller, and Fred Smouse of Martinsburg, are authority for the truth of such an ideal state of affairs.

This is how it happened. A long time ago when Mr. Klepser was a boy, and you'll concede it was a long time ago, because he was born April 28, 1850, Isaac Rhodes and Daniel Rhodes of Fredericksburg and John Smouse, of Henrietta kept flocks of tame deer.

The deer were confined in rail pens or corrals, twelve rails high. In course of time they became as tame as sheep. Times when their owners had a craving for venison, they—O no, you're all wrong, they did not slaughter the tame deer.

No, they let them out for a day to run loose in the barrens or mountains. At night fall, they came back home, bringing with them numbers of their wild kin. You see the tame ones acted as decoys to coax the wild animals to their masters' meat barrels. Then Mr. Rhodes or Mr. Smouse, as the case might be, trained his well oiled rifle on the wild deer and shot them, as we mentioned before, right from his front door.

Deer Visited Martinsburg

Deer were plentiful then. The barrens and mountains were full of them. It was nothing unusual for a herd to visit Martinsburg. At any rate, they frequently were seen feeding or running, in plain sight of the residents of the town.

As this was before the license law and the inauguration of a closed season, there were no restrictions on shooting them. Conrad Dilling had a record of a buck for every year of his age—seventy-some. In fact a hun-

ter, who didn't get at least one deer a year, had something the matter with his eye sight.

Have you ever heard of a man shooting two deer at the same time? Adam Burget did. He used to keep a salt lick to which the deer came in the evenings to partake of what was a necessary ingredient to maintain them in condition. Just as dusk was descending one day, Mr. Burget pulled the trigger on a deer which was down at the lick. To his surprise, he discovered when he went to retrieve his kill that he had bagged two deer. The animals had stood side by side, the single bullet going through a vital spot in both.

Some years ago as the present writer was being inducted into the mechanics of being a cub reporter, the editor-in-chief propounded the age old illustration of news, thus:

"If a dog bites a rabbit, that's not news; but if a rabbit bites a dog, that's news."

By the same token, should a man attack a deer, that's in the natural course of events. But were a deer to attack a man, that would certainly come under the head of news. Real news, because it is safe to bet, the average person never heard of such an incident.

Man Attacked By Deer

However, Fred Smouse knew a man who was viciously attacked by a deer. The hunter had shot the deer. Thinking it killed, he went up to the animal to prepare to drag it home. Quick as a flash the beast, in its death throes leaped up and tried to slash the hunter into ribbons with its front hoofs.

Mr. Smouse is in a position to sympathize with the man of the story, because he, himself, narrowly escaped having been killed by a deer.

His father, the late John Smouse, kept deer in a corral. When Fred was a little codger in dresses, he climbed up the rail enclosure to peer over at a little buck which was kept in the pen.

Losing his balance, he toppled over and fell into the pen. The deer,

angered at the intrusion, attacked the child mercilessly. Its method was to jump on its defenseless victim with its sharp front hoofs; bound back, turn and jump on the child. Bound, turn and jump, until in time it would have stamped the life out of the little boy.

Happily Fred's cries brought his mother to the rescue who soon snatched him to safety.

Deer Kills Snake

If we tell you that a deer will kill a rattle snake, you'll surely say, "That's a new one to me."

Fred Smouse's father was an eye witness to that very thing. While the elder Mr. Smouse was hunting in the mountains with a party of fellow nimrods, their attention was drawn to the peculiar antics of a big buck.

The deer was seen to jump across a gully. It darted back and jumped to the self-same spot, repeating the tactics over and over until it finally ran off into the woods.

Curious to see what had caused this strange behavior in the deer, the men went to the spot across the gully on which it had jumped so repeatedly. There, sure enough, they found the remains of a big rattler, literally cut into shreds.

In quest of Mr. David M. Klepser, in order to get a write-up about the old burr grist mills, The Herald reporter eventually rounded him up at David Smeltzer's harness shop on Penn street in Martinsburg.

With Mr. Smeltzer and Mr. Fred Smouse, as his companions, he was all set to have a pleasant afternoon. The congenial companionship and mutual understanding of these old friends and cronies fill their declining years with many an hour of quiet happiness.

Old Friends Enjoy Memories

Talk about reminiscences! What with, "Don't you remember, Dave" and "Do you mind, Fred," the time went so fast that the newspaper representative found a whole afternoon had gone by as quickly as if it had been only a half hour.

Have you ever heard the story of the last bear that was killed in Martinsburg? Well, it wasn't killed

quite within the borough limits but it at least tried to take refuge in Spring Hope cemetery, thereby furnishing drama enough to stir up the whole community.

Levi Smouse, a brother of Fred Smouse, met up with Mr. Bruin where Nevin Bridenbaugh's farm is. He took a pot shot at the big, brown giant, which only made the brute run faster.

Mr. Smouse gave chase, keeping after his quarry, on to Martinsburg, through Spring Hope cemetery and beyond. By this time other hunters had joined the pursuit. At length the hectoring bear veered round and started back towards Henrietta, lumbering through Lew Smith's woods and finally making its last stand up in a tree on what used to be the Meyers farm.

At least fifteen hunters surrounded the tree, but even so, Bruin did not present an easy mark. Levi Smouse eventually brought him down with the fatal shot.

And so the hunting epic went on from one long ago exploit to another. Eventually they came around to hell divers. Ouch, what's that one? Why, in old-time parlance a hell diver was a dipper duck.

Have you ever tried to shoot any?

By the time you sight the duck, aim and pull the trigger, the dipper has ducked under the water just a split second ahead of the bullet.

As an illustration of the skill of the rifle shots in the old days, Isaac Rhodes and John Smouse challenged each other to a dipper duck shooting competition. They agreed to quit at the first miss. Mr. Smouse missed at the twenty-fourth shot, leaving his opponent victor with twenty-five hits in a row.

Klepser Ancestors German

David M. Klepser's father, Frederick Klepser, was born in Germany, in the city of Wittenburg. When Frederick was four years old, his parents with their family set sail for America.

There was a large Klepser family connection living in Wittenburg. In that day, just at it is now, Europe was seething with war plots. Impend-

ing in the future, all the Klepser women could look forward to, was that their sons would go into compulsory military training preparatory to spilling their blood on some battle field.

To escape this fate, the mothers importuned their husbands to migrate to a land free of military restrictions. Andrew Klepser, grandfather of David M. Klepser, turned toward America, which had been represented to him as a land of liberty and opportunity. His kinfolks decided to settle in South Africa. In after years the sad news was received by the American branch of the family, that their relatives in Africa had all been killed.

Andrew Klepser and his family paid their fare twice before they landed in the United States.

They had been victimized by ship agency racketeers, who made a profession of fleecing the German emigrants to America. These crooks not only cheated the poor people out of their money but they frequently robbed them of their supplies.

Emigrants Fleeced By Crooks

Reference has been made heretofore in these articles to the fact that in the early Nineteenth century, passengers on board the sailing ships were obliged to furnish their own victuals. Their fare entitled them to transportation and nothing else.

In many instances the unscrupulous ships' agents rifled them of food and anything else worth the taking, leaving the poor emigrants to face the long voyage of a couple of months without money and without anything to eat.

The suffering endured by the helpless victims, can scarcely be imagined by us, who know nothing of hunger and want. Since in many cases, their fellow passengers could not spare enough from their own meagre store to sustain these unfortunates, they died of starvation. Thus they found a watery grave instead of their dream land of larger opportunities.

Although the machinations of the shipping agents had reduced Andrew Klepser's resources down to his last dollar as his sole cash asset, yet he

and his family survived the long sailing voyage and landed in Philadelphia.

True, two of the little boys fell off the gang plank as they were about to land, thus getting some mouthfuls of Delaware river water as their first taste of the land of the free and the home of the brave, but nothing else happened of a disagreeable nature.

The older children were bound out for a term of years until they could achieve the status of free men and women. The parents and the youngest children came on to Martinsburg where the father found work as a farm hand.

In course of time the elder sons moved on to the west to stake claims on the free government lands. German thrift, German industry and their inborn strength of character soon lifted the Klepsers to responsible positions as leading citizens in their communities. Wherever they were, east or west, they made good.

Frederick Klepser engaged in business as a tanner and shoemaker. In his shop where the William Geist house stands, he plied his trade, turning out straight last boots and shoes during work days of the long hours, which the people of the Cove had come to associate with the German immigrants.

Does Exchange Business

In exchange for his boots, shoes and hides, Mr. Klepser received whatever produce his customers had. Thus he bartered foot gear for enough lumber to build half a dozen dwelling houses. The William Geist, the Frank Bloom property on South Market street and the Henry Myers home on Christiana street were originally built by Mr. Klepser who tapped them out from his work bench in his shoe making shop.

Frederick Klepser married Christina Metzger. They became the parents of a family of thirteen children. Of these, four, John, Samuel, Elizabeth and Daniel, died in childhood, the latter two of diphtheria.

Andrew answered Lincoln's call for volunteers and was killed at Antietam. His body was wrapped in a blanket and laid in a hastily dug shal-

low grave. His father, a few months later located the grave, and had the body of his soldier son exhumed and buried finally in Fairview cemetery at Martinsburg. Some months after the battle Mr Klepser and his son Harry drove down to Maryland to bring the body home. They never forgot that sorrowful journey. Owing to the odor of the decomposition, the father and brother were obliged to walk the whole way to Martinsburg, windward of the wagon.

The remainder of the thirteen, Jeremiah, James, David, Frederick, Clara, Annie Klepser Stern, Ralph and Harry grew up to manhood and womanhood, living to fulfill the Klepser family tradition of integrity, intelligence and civic responsibility.

First School Exhibition

"What is the most interesting recollection of your school days?" was a question put to Mr. David M. Klepser, retired miller, of Martinsburg, by The Herald reporter.

Instantly Mr. Klepser's face was wreathed in smiles and the answer came unhesitantly, "The first exhibition at the old brick school house at South Martinsburg."

Yes, sir, that was the first school exhibition, so far as Mr. Klepser knows, ever held in the Martinsburg district. And you may well believe it was an out-standing community event.

A platform was erected and, would you believe it, curtains were put up! Such a new-fangled innovation had the curiosity of the Martinsburgers worked up to a high state of ferment. The grammar pupils "practiced" speeches, dialogs and singing for days before the auspicious exhibition night.

Let us digress at this point to explain the why and wherefore of "grammar" pupils. In Mr. Klepser's school days, the three R's, readin', ritin' and 'rithmetic, formed the backbone of the elementary curriculum. Grammar was elective, a fancy branch which was taken up by such students as wished to prepare to teach or who merely hankered after high-falutin' accomplishments. Hence the classification, "grammar"

scholar.

Well, little David Klepser, school urchin, was too young to have a part in the exhibition, but he managed to get a good seat on one of the front benches. The program was such a huge success that they had to repeat it the next night.

Three Schools On Site

By the way, how many of us ever knew that the white frame South Martinsburg school house, with green shutters and trim, was the third school building to stand on the site where the Albert Frye and David Reighard bungalows now are?

The original building, most probably constructed of logs or stone, was known as the Green Spring School. It was succeeded by the brick structure of Mr. Klepser's memory. After it had gone the way of the world, the frame building which we remember followed it.

Doing additional duty as the election house for the second district of North Woodbury township, and as the annual meeting place of the board of directors on the fateful day when they convened for the election of teachers, it will be recalled with mixed emotions by many of The Herald readers. With what heart throbbing suspense the applications for teaching positions used to await the decision of the directors!

Speaking of school exhibitions (and what a graphic designation that is, for truly the actors exhibit their accomplishments) Mr. David Smeltzer interpolated a little recollection of his early school days in Bedford county.

A lad, whose long suite by no means was memorizing, was listed on the program to recite a "speech." His fond mother, realizing her offspring's shortcomings, selected the shortest verse in the New Testament for his maiden effort at public speaking.

Valiantly she labored with him until he was letter perfect. When his name was called and he responded by walking up front and jerking his head forward in lieu of a bow, can you imagine the mother's consternation when the son, in face of all her coaching, declaimed "Holy Ghost". Of course, you all know that the

shortest verse in the New Testament is "Jesus wept."

Shoemaker Becomes Miller

Now at last, the march of time brings us to the year 1868. David M. Klepser's father bought the John Nicodemus farm, south east of Martinsburg on which the Nicodemus, later known as the Klepser, grist mill, was located. Frederick Klepser, the son of poor German immigrants, had stuck to his shoemaker's bench and bartered the product of his labor to such good advantage, that he achieved, not only financial independence, but what in that day was looked upon as substantial means. He branched out as a miller in his next venture.

Through his own efforts, America had materialized his ambitions. His industry and good business sense, had made it serve him as a real land of opportunity. To raise a large family and gain the ownership of a fertile farm out of practically nothing, was an achievement which showed the calibre of the man and of the Klepser breed.

Clover Creek in the early days might have provided the inspiration for the song classic, "Down By the Old Mill Stream." Its course was dotted with six or eight dams which generated the power for as many burr grist mills. Placid, unimportant little stream that it is now, it was at one time the mainspring of the wealth and industry of the northern part of the Cove.

Water power was the force which advanced civilization. Just as soon as man invented the water wheel thereby freeing himself from the slavery of all demanding hand labor, he had laid the foundation on which the superstructure of our present day industrial system and enlightenment was reared.

The mill itself was a fine example of the art of carpentry when the gauge of good workmanship was accuracy and durability. Built ninety years ago or longer its planked walls and puncheon floors were hand hewn out of yellow pine so uniform in quality that it contained not a single knot.

The timbers were mortised and

pinned together without the use of iron nails. So neatly and carefully were they joined that the whole structure seemed to be solidly welded into one whole.

In those days our virgin forests, untouched by the hand of man since their creation, offered the builders their choice of the best kind of lumber. Hence the carpenter's first step was to go out into the woods and select trees suitable to his purpose. What noble white and yellow pine and monarchical oaks went into the structures built by our ancestors after the Cove emerged from its first crude, rigorous log-cabin mode of existence into the more elaborate, expansive period of the early Nineteenth century.

Burr Mill Economical

When you stop to think about it, the burr grist mill was a very ingenious arrangement. With water, free as air, as the motive power, it had the advantage of being economical. In the old days economy was classed with the major virtues. Our granddaddies believed that the fate of the nation and their own welfare depended on their ability to save, instead of spending, which we are taught today, is the cure-all for Uncle Sam's present trouble.

Chiefest among the functions of the mill wheel was the turning of the burr or mill stones. Certainly, the millwrights had to scout around for days before they found flint stones hard enough and of sufficient size to suit their purpose. Days of patient labor went into the shaping of them.

The upper stone was hammered, chiseled, chipped and ground until the surface was smooth, while the lower one was dressed or roughened. The trained eye of Miller Klepser was quick to detect when the lower stone was worn too smooth to grind the grain properly. When that happened operations were stopped until the stone was dressed.

By means of a rope and tackle hoist fastened to the top of the mill, the farmers' wagons were unloaded, sack by sack, until all the grain was stored on either the second or third floor of the mill. The water wheel

was called into play to do this chore.

The grain was dumped into bins and was run to the hopper through a spout. From the hopper it was fed through a hole in the upper mill stone to the lower. The upper stone, rotated by the power generated by the water wheel, ground out the grain on the roughened surface of the lower stone which remained stationary.

Miller Figures In Song and Story

"Oh, the jolly miller;

He lives by the mill.

The mill goes around

With right good will:

One hand in the hopper

And the other in the sack;

The ladies step forward

And the gents fall back."

Since bread is the staff of life, is it any wonder that the miller was made hero of this familiar folk song?

An endless belt or conveyancer, rivetted with cups, carried the ground grain to the sifter or bolting machine. Reeled on the cylinder of the bolter was six yards of the finest white silk you ever saw. It was of a texture as fine as any wedding dress ever worn by dainty bride. Mr. Klepser procured his from an importer in Philadelphia.

The meal was separated in the bolter into bran, middlings, shorts and flour, each pouring out through a separate spout. When Pap sent John Henry to mill with a couple of sacks of wheat thrown over the back of the old plow horse, his first question on his son's return was, "Let's see now how much flour you got? How many middlings, shorts and bran?" The farmers had things down so pat they knew just what a given quantity of grain should produce.

After it was ground, the flour was conveyed by a roller-shaft conveyer to barrels. As each barrel was packed, a bell rang to signal that it was full. Then all that remained was to nail the head on, and it was ready to be hauled on the wagons to Stonerstown or Williamsburg on its way to the Philadelphia or Baltimore markets.

Following the opening of the Morrisons Cove branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, much of the Klepser

product was shipped by rail.

When the great wheat areas of the Mississippi valley and Canada glutted the eastern markets with their hard spring grain, the burr mills were put out of business. They were not adapted to grind the hard western varieties. However it was the Johnstown flood which put the Klepser mill in the discard. The building was washed away by the high waters.

Mill Built In Martinsburg

Mr. Klepser built the up-to-date, steam operated mill in Martinsburg in 1889, opening it for business on New Year's day, 1890. He continued its management until 1922, when he retired, relinquishing the operation of the Klepser mill to his nephew, Ralph Klepser.

From the time he was old enough to make a hand in the mill, Mr. Klepser followed his trade continuously, except for a break of a few months in the year 1871 when he took Horace Greelev's advice and went west.

He went to Nebraska City where he was employed by his Uncle Jacob Klepser. He was a westerner from April 1 to July 25, when homesickness so overcame him, that he returned to the Cove, thereafter feeling no recurrence of the urge to "Go west, young man."

During his long and honorable community service as a miller, he employed quite an extensive line-up of assistants. Among them are included, David Wineland, Fred Himes, David B. Wineland, a brother-in-law of the owner, who worked in the mill for forty-five years; Daniel Bechtel, Samuel Bechtel, George Brown, Clayton E. Dilling, Fred M. Smouse, Charles A. Straesser, Harry M. Bonebreak and Robert Keim.

Dating from the time of the Civil War, Mr. Klepser has been of Republican political affiliation, although at no time has he been aggressive, for that is contrary to the quiet, unassuming tenor of his way of life.

However, his fellow citizens have conferred civic responsibilities upon him, unasked. He served North Woodbury township as a school director and for a period of twelve years, he was town councilman of

Martinsburg.

On August 17, 1873, David M. Klepser was married to Miss Hannah B. Wineland. They lived together in the accord of happy married life for fifty-seven years. Mrs. Klepser died September 13, 1930. Both Mr. and Mrs. Klepser always were devoted to church work and to the practice of the principles of Christian living as the code of their conduct. He is an elder in the First Brethren church, Martinsburg.

Mr. Klepser has been a regular subscriber and constant reader of *The Herald* since 1885, the home news weekly being his favorite paper.

Of the four daughters born to Mr. and Mrs. Klepser, two are living. They are Gertie, (Mrs. Lee Hoover) of Connellsville, and Christie, at home. Lillian, (Mrs. Howard Endress) and Adda, aged three, are dead.

Fine Fishing In Clover Creek

No description of the old Klepser burr mill would be quite complete

without a reference to the fish which abounded in the dam. They were so plentiful that the fishermen in the neighborhood could get busy with their scoop or stir nets or gigs and catch all the suckers, eels and catfish that they could eat, salt down or give away. What a paradise for fishers Clover Creek must have been before the Johnstown Flood started to play pranks with it.

A test of a fisherman's skill was to go after the fish in the dug-out canoe which, perhaps, was the only boat of the kind ever seen in the Cove. It was fashioned, ala Indian, from a trunk of a tree a group of young Clover Creek sportsmen had hauled in all the way from Saxton. They hewed and hollowed it out until only the shell remained.

It lasted for decades, furnishing recreation for multitudes of rowers, who found that the least wiggle in the wrong direction overturned them into the dam. Don't get the idea that our granddaddies didn't have fun.

LOYAL WAR GOVERNORS MEET

Has it ever occurred to you that the turning point of the Civil War took place in Blair county?

"But," you probably will remonstrate, "Gettysburg is not in Blair County".

True, Gettysburg is not in our county, but Altoona is. Whether we have forgotten it or not, our own Mountain City was the scene of an event which made the victory at Gettysburg possible.

The momentous event referred to was the Loyal War Governors' convention which met in a two-day session at the old Logan House, beginning September 24, 1862.

Dragging its weary length over a year and a half, the war, as viewed by the North, had been a failure. In spite of the vastly greater wealth of the Union and its overwhelmingly superior man power, it had met defeat in nearly every engagement. Even Chancellorsville was little better than a draw. General McClellan, in com-

mand of the Army of the Potomac, seemed checkmated at every manoeuvre. It was a toss-up which side would win.

Copperheads, as the Southern sympathizers were called in the North, were gaining strength. The powerful state of New York was indifferent. Dissensions among our leaders, opposition to Lincoln among his own advisers and a rapidly rising sentiment to give the "Secesh" their independence, had undermined the bulwarks of the Federal cause. The Union was tottering.

Through the energy and far-sighted patriotism of Andrew Gregg Curtin, governor of Pennsylvania, seventeen governors of loyal states were prevailed upon to meet in Altoona and pledge their support to maintain the integrity of the Union.

At that time, the governors had the power to raise and conscript troops. A resolution was passed to organize a reserve fighting force of 300,000

men.

The declaration of the action they had taken, which was formally submitted to President Lincoln, was signed by the following governors or their representatives: Andrew Gregg Curtin (Pennsylvania), Austin Blair (Michigan), John A. Andrew (Massachusetts), Richard Yates (Illinois), Israel Washburn, Jr., (Maine), Samuel J. Kirkwood (Iowa), William Sprague (Rhode Island), T. H. Pierpont (West Virginia), David Todd (Ohio), Nathaniel S. Berry (New Hampshire), D.G. Rose, representing Governor Oliver P. Morton of Indiana.

Altoona Checked War

In the words of one of the Confederate statesmen, the Altoona convention broke the morale of the South.

Shadowed by the colossal magnitude of the World war, we have lost sight of the heroic scale of the Civil war. Four years in duration, it is estimated that it cost 389,746 lives on the Union side and 159,797 confederates. The expense in money was in excess of five billion dollars. It was one of the greatest wars in history up to the outbreak of the World war.

Flags waving over the soldier dead in virtually every cemetery in the Cove, bear testimony to the number of our own men who bore arms in the conflict. During the trying years of 1861-65, there was scarcely a Cove home but was rent with the anguish incident to having one or more of the men in the family subjected to the uncertainties of life at the front.

For that reason The Herald reporter turns again to the diary of Major O. M. Irvine, late of Duncansville. Since it is a day-to-day record of events noted while he was in actual service, it gives us a very interesting picture of what army life was like to the boys in Blue.

During 1861 and '62 Major Irvine was stationed on an island off the coast of South Carolina. From our reading of military campaigns we are apt to form the conclusion that service in the army consists of the clash, glory, exaltation and feverish excitement of one battle after another.

We forget the monotony and wear-

iness of the tedium of waiting between engagements. We gather from the Major's diary that the uneventfulness of the days was relieved by constant drill practice and endless discussions about this report of victory and that rumor of a projected attack.

The most insignificant happenings were magnified to the proportions of a big occurrence. One of the officers gets himself a new pair of pantaloons. His improved appearance is the universal topic of conversation among the mess.

In Monotony Trifles Look Big

The cook goes on strike, dejection and melancholy reign. One day some of the officers were heartened by the sight of two ladies riding horse back, which was such a "rare treat" to the soldiers that they talked about it for days. We can appreciate the novelty it must have been to men deprived of feminine association for months on end, to see a woman, even at a distance.

Why, oh why, is the mail delayed? It has been overdue for two days now. Ah, here it is. News from home. There is universal rejoicing throughout the regiment.

The ration of wine is being passed out. At last we have the luxury of butter—at 75 cents a pound.

Now the bugles blow the charge and the battle is on. A cross fire of cannon balls rakes both sides. With three deafening cheers and the battle cry of "Bull Run! Bull Run!" the rebel troops force back the manful defense. Seven hundred boys in blue lie dead on the field.

Evidently the Rebel loss is greater, because the battle is claimed as a Union victory. Unfortunately the narrator does not name the place.

Much Sickness Prevailed

Fever is raging. The Major protests the nauseous dosing of calomel the doctor resorts to. Court martials are held. The Rebel fort of Pulaski is taken following a deadly artillery battle. The dead are buried. Charges and counter-charges are brought against officers. The misdemeanors range from "language unbecoming to a gentleman," to "embezzling and inefficiency."

"Picayune" Butler arrives for inspection. General Butler is noted for the master stroke of impressing the slaves into the service of the Union army by declaring them "contraband of war." However, officer after officer declines the honor of being placed in command of contraband companies.

At last the "Secesh" give evidence, according to the major, of "observing the proper rules of humanity in the conduct of the war." Stories of the humiliation Federal prisoners were subjected to and the neglect and deprivation they suffered in the Libbey and Andersonville prisons, fired the Union soldiers, who scarce knew what the war was about, with a blazing determination to put an end to such abuse.

It is December 23, 1861. The major never ceased to marvel at the change in climate which a few degrees in latitude made.

At home in his beloved Blair county, where, as he eloquently expressed it, "the majestic Alleghanies seemingly shake hands with the clouds," snow and cold winds held the landscape in an icy grip.

Here he ecstatically observes a prodigality of scenery strange to him. He writes:

Enjoys Beautiful Scenery

"I took a long ride over some fine roads, one of which took me through a dense wood for a distance of two or three miles. The larger trees were gorgeously festooned with natural garlands of Spanish moss."

"It is gray in color and hanging from branch to branch, it gave the forest the appearance of having been draped in gray gauze.

"This was a sharp contrast to the dark green of the foliage of the trees, and as interesting from its novelty, as from its indescribable beauty."

However this tropical paradise nearly made an end of Major Irvine, since he contracted a combination of dysentery and miasmatic fever, which terminated his military career. He was discharged on sick leave following nearly two years of service. His diary certainly gives us an entertaining insight of army life in the Civil war as a mixture of battle, monotony, death, sickness, gossip, false alarms, rumors and patriotic ardor.

FUN RIDING YANKEE JUMPER

Too-oo-oot! Hurry up there's the school bus. The motor is running and off you go skimming over the roads with such speed that you are at school almost before you are comfortably settled down in your seat.

Well, that's a lot different than going to school on a yankee jumper, but I'll warrant, it's not half the fun.

Yankee jumper? What's that, some kind of a joke?

Levi S. Kensinger, retired railway track repairman, of Martinsburg, punctuated with many a hearty laugh, the while his eyes twinkle with the fun which characterizes this hale, companionable old gentleman, can tell you all about the yankee jumper.

All the set-up required to make one was a good, hefty man with an ax.

Of course, you needed lumber. But with the woods standing thickly

all around you, that was no trick.

Building A Yankee Jumper

You cut down a tree, hewed a slab ten or twelve feet long, fitted a pair of wagon wheel spokes at either end, and there was your body, chassis they call it now-a-days.

The next step was to cut down two saplings of like thickness, which formed the runners. You fastened the saplings on to the spokes, bent them into an upward curve in the front, hooked on a pair of shafts, and there you had a model of the first U. S. of A. brand of sled.

A very serviceable vehicle it proved to be. After Father David Kensinger hitched up the horse, Levi and his brothers, Andrew, John, Frank, Reuben and David, jumped astride the slab. Daddy "tchicked" to the horse and away they went humpity, bump

over the rough roads to the old slab-boarded school house at Middletown.

Neighboring boys and girls, seeing the yankee jumper leaping over the ruts, ran out and gleefully climbed aboard for their chance at rough riding.

That surely was a jolly crew of scholars and not a single case of "liver-grownness" among them!

Had Well Trained Horse

Yawnie Wineland and his brother Davy did not ride on Daddy Kensinger's yankee jumper. They rode bare back to school on old Bill, the family pet horse. Bill sedately took the boys to school, stood still while they vaulted off his back, then he turned about and straightway trotted off home by himself. At close of school, like as not, there was old Bill ambling into the school yard to take his young charges home.

Naturally, you used a yankee jumper only when there was snow on the ground. Since the school term lasted but the four winter months, there usually was snow.

Mr. Kensinger says that frequently the school house was used during the summer. Not as an institution of learning, but as a recreation center. Unbeknown to the "old folks", the young people of the community, frequently hied to the school house for a lark.

In the evenings, they sang and had parties. And let it be said that, as was customary in those days, kissing ring was played along with other games. However the crowds stuck together and everything was decorous and above board. Petting by secluded pairs was not countenanced.

The school house had become so dilapidated that even the most thrifty, economical patrons agreed that it would have to be replaced by a new structure.

But where? One faction wanted it built farther east, the other was equally as determined to have it farther west. This controversy was drawn out year after year. Eventually somebody settled the question by burning the school house down.

While Levi Kensinger was yet a

boy, his family moved to a farm along the township road connecting Millerstown with Fredericksburg. It is now occupied by Homer Shriver and his family.

This road was celebrated in local circles because it led through Spook Hollow.

Mysteries of Spook Hollow

Strange hair-raising tales were told of the apparitions which frequented this spot after night fall. They appeared to different people in various guises, all of them sufficiently terrible to congeal with dread any but the stoutest heart.

Mr. Kensinger says he never saw any spooks in the haunted hollow. But he heard one.

He does not pretend to explain it. He tells the story and lets the party who listens, draw his own conclusions.

It happened fifty years or more ago. He, in company with David Loose, and a party of other men was working in a corn field adjoining the hollow.

At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the men were distracted by the noise of a run-away team on the road. It came thundering down the hill and through the hollow.

The hoof beats of the galloping horses, the crash of the jolting wagon and the rattle of the trace chains indicated that the horses were going at break neck speed.

Leaving their work, the corn huskers dashed to the rescue, running as fast as they could go, and yelling "Whoa!"

Mr. Kensinger and Mr. Loose did not join in the chase because they had to quiet their own four-horse team.

On hearing the commotion of the run-away, the horses in the field became so madly terrified that it was all that the two men could do to keep them from jumping out of the traces. They reared, plunged, snorted and gave every sign of being scared nearly out of their skins.

Now, the strange part is that, although all the men plainly heard the run-away horses and wagon, there

was absolutely nothing to be seen, notwithstanding the fact that it was broad day light.

Completely mystified, they made a thorough search, scattering out to the hill tops from which they had a view of the road as far as the eye could carry. No team, run-away or otherwise, was on the road.

See Phantom Bird

Mr. Kensinger often heard his father relate an experience which happened to him and his brother Henry. The two men were riding horseback one night, cantering along, side by side, and talking as the mood moved them.

After they had passed through the hollow, Henry asked his companion, "What do you think was the matter with that bird?"

"Bird!" exclaimed David, "What bird?"

Henry then explained that all the way through the hollow, a bird had persistently fluttered into his face. Time after time, he had struck it away, only to have it dart back again.

David had not even been aware that any bird was about.

On another night, Daddy Kensinger got John Smith, father of Professor Harry C. Smith, of Altoona, to ride to Fredericksburg to summon Dr. John Wingert to make a sick call.

Mr. Smith ridiculed the idea of spooks, declaring them to be the product of a superstitious imagination. He had gone through Spook Hollow hundreds of times when it was dark as pitch and nothing ever had molested him.

However, on this occasion, his horse, Jen, a faithful, quiet animal, stopped stock still, in the midst of the hollow. No urging nor persuasion had any effect. Like Balaam's ass, of Holy Writ, Jen refused to budge.

At length, becoming impatient, Mr. Smith flicked the horse with the bridle rein. The animal responded by leaping to one side, as if avoiding something which had terrified her, and made off with all the speed she could muster. Mr. Smith had not

seen a thing, nor was anything discovered when he and the doctor came back that way.

Even Cow Feared Spooks

Hannah Glass (Mrs. John Stonerook), a neighbor of Mr. Kensinger, had to go through Spook Hollow to drive the cow home from pasture. Such was the girl's dread of the haunted ground, that she would take hold of the cow's tail, after giving Bossy a cut with a switch, and away they'd go, lickety-split. After a while the cow became so well trained, that she started of her own accord to go at a dead gallop every time she approached the hollow.

Mr. Kensinger was born at Henrietta, May 1, 1858. He is one of the seven sons of David and Mary Ann (Smouse) Kensinger. The oldest, Ephraim, died in childhood. The others, Andrew, John, Frank, Reuben, David and Levi, are living.

It is natural to assume that in the course of 75 years of active life, a man would have some outstanding experiences. Especially so, in the case of those who have the good fortune to have bridged in their conscious existence the man and horse power of the frontier epoch with the electric, streamlined mechanism of the present age.

Mr. Kensinger, retaining an excellent memory, can tell you one interesting episode after the other.

One of them concerns a black snake which to quote Mr. Kensinger, "stood on her tail."

Remarkable Snake Stories

While cutting wheat with an old-fashioned reaper, which necessitated the binding of the sheaves by hand, the men noticed a gigantic black snake, which reared its head up above the wheat.

The reptile stood as high as a man's shoulder. It remained motionless except that it moved its head to watch the reaper. The men threw stones, which disturbed it not at all. There the thing stood while the reaper cut several swaths around the field.

At length, the men cut in towards the snake until they were only a few reaper breadths away. Still it

kept its mysterious vigil. Nor did it move until one of the men eventually broke its back with a well aimed stone. Mr. Kensinger does not recall how long it was, but it was as thick as his wrist.

Naturalists scout the contention of the old-timers that there is such a thing as a hoop snake. Mr. Kensinger saw one. Many years ago while he was walking through a field at the foot of the mountain, his heart pretty nearly missed a beat or two, when he saw a black snake roll along, a menacing living spiral of deadliness, at a pace as fast as a man can run.

He did not see it strike anything, but he had heard many old gentlemen, of unquestioned veracity, declare that they knew it to be a fact that anything, tree, man or beast, would die instantly, if struck by the horn of the hoop snake.

You scarcely would look on a hand car, used in the past to transport railway repair men and their tools, as an instrument of destruction.

Going down hill the old hand power truck rolled along merrily as a wedding festival. Up-grade, was "something else again."

The Herald reporter remembers the pleasure she derived, when a little girl, from watching Levi S. Kensinger and his track mates, propelling the car on the stretch of railroad leading through her grandfather's farm, now owned by Levi Sollenberger.

Looked Like Big Birds

It was a pretty steep incline. Swinging rhythmically up and down as they worked the lever, the men reminded her of big birds. Alternately swooping downward and springing upward, they seemed like captive eagles chained to the wheels from which they vainly tried to escape.

Don't laugh too soon at the intimation that the hand car was the reason for the "Stop, look and listen" signs. Mr. Kensinger bears a scar on his head in evidence of what could happen when one of them ran amuck.

Just as a joke, one of the men dropped the jack down while the

car was running down hill. It jumped the track so suddenly that Mr. Kensinger, who was holding down the brake, was jolted off as if shot from a catapult. As he landed alongside the track, his head struck the end of a tie, cutting a deep gash and almost knocking him senseless. He was so severely hurt that the little experiment with a careening hand car cost him a lay-off of two days to recover.

Years afterwards when the repair hands were given a motor driven car, Foreman John Thomas, who was trying his hand at operating it, accidentally ran it over a closed switch at the "Y", west of Martinsburg.

Zip, bang! That old car rose up in the air for all the world like a bucking broncho, throwing Mr. Thomas and Mr. Kensinger, tools and everything else that wasn't fastened down, in all directions. Fortunately no one was hurt. After they had picked themselves up and found no damage had been done, the incident struck the men as being so ludicrous that they laughed until their sides ached.

The Old Turn Table

Who is there in the central section of the Cove who does not recall the turn-table at Henrietta? In its time it was looked upon as a great mechanical novelty.

The trains running over the Morrisons Cove branch railroad steamed into Henrietta, the terminal, "front end before". Since it was necessary to turn the locomotive right about, in order to start it headon on the out-going trip, the railroad management had installed the turn table.

What amusing memories cluster about it, only those know, who, like Mr. Kensinger, were familiar with it throughout its entire period of operation.

The most comical incident Mr. Kensinger remembers goes something in this wise:

As was customary when the train crew was about to run the locomotive on to the turn table, one of the brakemen was detailed to open the switch.

On this particular occasion, a vic-

ious dog, barking furiously, made a lunge at the unfortunate brakie, just as the locomotive was about to be shunted on to the turn table.

The brakeman was so strenuously occupied in fending off the dog that he neglected to open the switch. As a result the people of Henrietta were treated to the unusual spectacle of seeing the engine standing on its head down in the pit.

The cow catcher had plowed deeply into the earth, making the locomotive look as if it had fallen on its face with its nose sticking in the ground. Outside of blowing off a lot of steam, and being somewhat battered, the "iron horse" was not much damaged.

Now we come to the really big feature of Mr. Kensinger's service of nearly forty years as a repair hand.

Big Snow in 1895

That was the big snow, the record-breaking snow fall, back in 1895, which stalled the branch train for three days. The snow was accompanied by a genuine North Dakota blizzard which drifted into the cuts and exposed parts of the track almost mountain high.

The evening train laboriously puffed and pushed its way as far as the crossing at Bassler station at a distance of a half or three-quarters of a mile west of Curryville.

There she stuck, flanked by drifts so high that only the smoke stack of the engine protruded above the snow. Of course, a hurry-up call was sent out to the track men to come to the rescue.

Mr. Kensinger stayed on duty for three days. He was almost frozen. His wrists were burnt into blisters by the snow and his overcoat was so encrusted with ice that his wife had all she could do to take it off him after he eventually got home.

The railroad company office sent two extra engines to release the stranded train, but nothing could be done. In fact the rescuing locomotives were backed into Martinsburg to avoid becoming bogged down too.

Well, sir, it was so cold that icicles hung from the stranded day coaches

as thick as a man's leg. All that was needed to make a north pole scene out of it, was the pole.

The big problem was food. The train crew and repair hands, suffering from the extreme cold and exposure, needed to stoke up on fuel. They worked their way to the Curryville combined post office, railway station and grocery store, then operated by the late William Nicodemus.

Cleaned Out Store

The hungry men made the cheese, crackers, Lebanon bologna, canned oysters and peppermint and tea berry lozenges fly to such good effect that they cleaned Mr. "Nick" out completely. There wasn't enough left to tickle the appetite of an anaemic rabbit.

After the services of a hundred or more snow shovellers had been put into operation to clear the track, the train, which had stalled on Saturday evening, with the help of an extra engine, pulled out on Sunday, getting as far as Glass's cut, where she stalled again.

Here the second engine pushed the forward one clear off the track. The coal gave out and the cold was so intense that the derailed engine froze fast to the track.

Engineer Davy Arthur asked Mr. Kensinger to crawl under the engine and cut the ice away. That was the one and only time that he, reliable track hand he was, felt a little leary of his job.

However, he kept pegging away, never knowing when the gigantic mass of iron might come down on top of him. Luckily no mishap occurred.

D. H. C. Brumbaugh brought in a sled load of coal. After firing the engine, steam was got up and at long last, the train pulled in to Henrietta Monday afternoon between 4 and 5 o'clock.

During the time the train was stalled at Glass's, Mr. Kensinger was delegated to rustle up eatables. Jacob Burget and his sons, Frank Glass, D. H. C. Brumbaugh and other farmers brought in provisions by the basket load.

Still the men were hungry. Mr. Kensinger struggled through the drifts to the present David Slangenweit farm, then owned by the late Samuel M. Shriver.

Bushel Basket of "Eats"

Mr. and Mrs. Shriver responded with such good will, that in no time at all they filled a bushel basket "plumb full" of sausages, bread and pies.

Afterwards when the railroad officials asked Mr. Kensinger to collect the bills for the food and supplies provided by the folks living in the vicinity, he had the time of his life trying to make Mr. Shriver take any pay. The latter felt it his "bounden" duty to feed the hungry without remuneration.

The men heated the food on the boiler of the engine. Davy Arthur mixed up an onion pie. It was the first and only concoction of the kind Mr. Kensinger had ever seen. However the fellows were so hungry that they all reported it to be good eating.

Mr. Kensinger remembers that Harry Fluke was conductor of the train. "Bill" Davis was engineer of the second or pusher engine.

Now, here's a fish story. One winter day while Mr. Kensinger and Andy Diehl were walking by the Klepser dam, they noticed the fish swarming about in a rivulet flowing from the spring, which fed the dam. The rest of the dam was frozen over.

"Let's go fishing," suggested the one to the other. Well, they got a dip net, cut a hole in the ice and started in. In a short time, they had three bushels of suckers, some of them 18 to 20 inches long.

Since the death of his wife, Mary Beach Kensinger, three years ago, Levi S. Kensinger has lived alone in his comfortable home on Julian street in Martinsburg.

Lonely? Not a bit. He may be 75 years old, so far as age is counted, but his interests have all the spontaneous enthusiasm of youth. He is too full of life and fun to be lonely. Besides, he has such pleasant memories to live with. His has been a busy

life. He had neither time nor inclination to do anything which would breed regrets.

An additional blessing is comparatively good health. The only tribute he pays to Father Time is impaired hearing. Otherwise, he looks and feels young.

Values P. R. R. Records

Among the most treasured of the papers and clippings which he keeps in safety deposit in the big, handsomely bound family Bible, is his record of service with the Pennsylvania Railroad company.

It is inscribed as follows: "This certifies that Levi S. Kensinger, Laborer on the Middle Division, has been relieved of Active Duty after 37 6-12 years of service, and that his name is enrolled on The Roll of Honor.

"Philadelphia, the First Day of January, 1927. W. W. Atterbury, President."

The record is self-explanatory. Thirty-seven and one-half years is a long time. However, the bare statement of fact does not tell all the story. During that time, he worked under twenty-one different foremen.

In all that time, Mr. Kensinger was off duty only six weeks on sick leave. That included a lay-off when he was incapacitated by an injury which nearly severed his right thumb. The thumb was caught by a rail which sprang into place as the repairmen were replacing a worn tie. We referred before to the accident which cost him two days when he had sustained a laceration of the scalp.

Following his retirement, Mr. Kensinger was called in to the office of supervisor Charles Pfalzgraff at Holidaysburg.

Honored When Retiring.

There a group of fellow workmen and foremen held a big celebration in his honor. Speeches lauding Mr. Kensinger's exemplary service, affability and good fellowship, were made and happy reminiscences enjoyed. At its conclusion, a purse of money was presented to him as a more substantial token of esteem.

He has been an active member of

the Church of God throughout all his adult years. While not an aggressive politician, he votes the Republican ticket. He says he still is a Republican despite the land slide of '32, which seemingly obliterated the Grand Old Party. A depression, more or less, does not scare him. He has lived through many of them.

Mr. Kensinger is the father of the following children: Ora (Mrs. Harry Ferry; Mabel (Mrs. L. R. Berkheimer); Florence (Mrs. Samuel Snyder) and Harry, all of Roaring Spring; Margaret (Mrs. Irvin Shiffler) of Martinsburg; George Elmer, of Cleveland, O., and Edward, of Paterson, N. J.

THE OLD COUNTRY DOCTOR

When the scroll of unselfish deeds is unrolled, none will shine with brighter lustre than the community service of the country doctor.

The modern passion for specialization which tends to drop the worker into an economic niche as mechanically as a peg is fitted into a hole, is rapidly squeezing out the general medical practitioner.

His place is being taken by the specialist, who confines his practice to one particular field.

Great-grandmother would have been highly scandalized at the idea of having had to take little Johnny to a nose doctor for his sniffles, an ear doctor for a pain in his head, a gastro-intestinal specialist for his stomach ache, or a surgeon to have his broken leg set.

Why, sakes alive! Dr. Wingert, Dr. Bonebreak, Dr. Royer or Dr. Oellig could treat all "them ailments" and all the other ills the human body is heir to. Who ever heard of a doctor that would tinker with only one piece of you? Where's my camphire bottle, I feel myself sinking.

The Country Doctor

You are all familiar with the picture, "The Doctor." The bearded family doctor sits beside a bed on which lies a child at the crisis of a deadly malady.

Plainly the physician has done all that knowledge, skill and sympathy can devise. Now, he tensely awaits the result of his ministrations. Which will it be, life or death?

No considerations of personal convenience stand between him and his duty to his patient. His presence

inspires a confidence which impels the waning life toward health, or else eases the breaking of the earth-bound shackles as the spirit is freed to soar into eternity.

The Cove is very fortunate to have had a large quota of physicians that were the counterpart of the doctor in the picture. To the advantage of the present generation, our local doctors live up to the highest ethics of the profession as consistently as did those of the past.

Among that worthy line-up of old time physicians, memory recalls. Dr. Frederick Bloom, Dr. Homer Bloom, Dr. Daniel Bonebreak, Dr. John Wingert, Dr. Samuel Royer.

Then there was the "Indian Doctor." His name was Jacob Franklin Livingston, but he was popularly known as the Indian doctor because he had made a study of herbs used by Indians and prescribed remedies whose secret had been discovered by the red men. The old-timers reposed great trust in the Indian Medicines.

As a matter of fact all the early doctors compounded their own medicine. Thus when they responded to an urgent call, they carried in their saddle bags an assorted supply of remedies of their own manufacture.

Doctor Prized His Horse

The doctor's horse was almost as well known as its master. One should say horses, because in season of epidemics, the doctor had to spell off his beasts. Human endurance, fortified by will power, outlasted brute strength and willingness.

Speed was a requisite in the horses that carried the doctor over long rough miles on his missions of

mercy. Therefore the doctor's horses were high spirited and fast steppers. During the heavy snows when post-and-rider and worm fences served to bank up the roads so that they became impassable, the poor horses had a hard time of it.

Frequently the doctor, frozen almost into insensibility, had to tear down fences and, as best he could cut a trail through the fields. On occasion, he was obliged to unhitch the horse and continue the gruelling trip on horseback. Or maybe, the horses ran off. Dr. J. S. Bonebreak, of Martinsburg, and Dr. I. C. Stayer, of Woodbury, can give recollections of personal experiences of this nature.

A resume of the physicians of the early days, will call to mind the colorful personality of Dr. Charles Oellig, late of Woodbury.

In addition to taking care of an extensive local practice, Dr. Oellig manufactured a remedy which was particularly recommended for the cure of dropsy. It was named "German Vegetable Tonic and Blood Purifier."

Mrs. John Diehl, of Curryville, has in her possession a prospectus which was wrapped around a bottle of this remedy. A picture of Dr. Oellig illustrates the leaflet.

Picture of Serenity and Strength

We look upon a strong, placid countenance. Full-bearded, the lines of the face have deepened into an aspect of serenity. This is a man who is sure of himself, full of fun and at peace with life and the world.

According to the information in the prospectus, the blood purifier was discovered by Dr. Oellig's father, Dr. John Oellig, who was physician to the king of his native province in Germany.

Owing to difficulties encountered because of his opposition to the established religion of his country, Dr. John Oellig emigrated to Franklin county. He took up his residence in Waynesboro.

This was soon after the Revolutionary War. In course of time the young physician established a lucra-

tive practice. He married Catherine Nicodemus. To them were born eight children, four sons and four daughters.

Dr. and Mrs. John Oellig were the grandparents of Mrs. Philip Bridenbaugh of Martinsburg. Her father, Lewis Oellig, was one of the four sons of the couple. He was a tinner and leading citizen of Martinsburg. Oddly enough, he was the only one that did not follow in the footsteps of their father by entering the medical profession.

Illustrative of the amity and concord of her grandparent's family, Mrs. Bridenbaugh relates that although Dr. John Oellig was a Catholic while his wife was a Protestant, their difference of belief caused no friction.

Religion of Family Divided

The sons espoused the religion of their father. The daughters went with the mother. At Christmas, the doctor impartially sent a turkey each to the parish priest and to his wife's pastor, the German Reformed minister.

However, after their father's death and their marriage to Protestant women, the sons all joined Protestant denominations.

Mrs. Bridenbaugh has a handsome Windsor arm chair which her grandfather had used in his office. In perfect state of preservation, it is a symbol of the enduring service of her kinsmen, doctors of the old school.

John Diehl, of Curryville, who farmed for Dr. Charles Oellig some fifty years ago, on the big farm adjoining Woodbury on the south, which since has been divided into several tracts, tells many interesting anecdotes about the bluff, good-natured doctor.

The doctor was very fond of his horses. He demanded that his hostler, Gus Fowler, should give them the best of care. A big sorrel, old Charlie, was the particular apple of his eye.

No matter what the hour, day or night, that the doctor had to go out on a call, Charlie was eager to be

off. His master would unlatch the stable door and say, "Well, Charlie, are you ready?" and the horse would toss its head and stamp its feet, in token of willingness to do the master's bidding.

Doctor Has Leg Broken

On one occasion, Charlie, inadvertently nearly caused the death of his master. The doctor was riding in response to a call to Woodcock valley. At the foot of the mountain in the vicinity of Henrietta, Charlie slipped on the ice, fell and broke the doctor's leg. How long the injured man lay there, or how he summoned help, Mr. Diehl does not remember, but that was just one incident out of the heroic annals of the old-time country doctor.

Gus fowler, the hostler, never took any liberties with Charlie but once and what he got on that occasion was plenty.

He and Joe Smith drove the horse hitched to a Dearborn wagon to the mountain to get a load of wood. Enroute home the harness tore. Having nothing with them they could use to mend it, they eventually hit on the bright idea of making a rope out of Charlie's tail.

So they pulled a quantity of hairs out of his tail, spliced the pieces together and went on their way rejoicing.

But when they arrived home and the doctor saw what they had done to Charlie, he gave the two inventors such a tongue lashing that they gladly would have availed themselves of a hole to crawl into. An indignity to his horse was regarded by the doctor as a personal affront.

Dr. Oellig, while not tall, nor yet fat, was so broad, full barreled and solidly built, that he weighed over two hundred pounds.

He liked to play jokes, but on one occasion the tables were turned on him. Mr. Diehl tells the story.

Joke Turned On Doctor

One day while he and two or three other men were hawling hay, Dr. Oellig amused himself by sitting comfortably astride his horse (Billy, the bay, this time) and whistling

while the men toiled and sweated in the hot sun.

Some one called out, "Doctor, why don't you stop your whistling and come and help tramp the hay?"

"I will," bantered the doctor, if you fellows can put me on the load."

The men took up the challenge and did their best to hoist the big physician on to the wagon. After a lively tussle they gave it up and the doctor continued to whistle more blithely than ever.

His whistling was brought to an abrupt end, however, when the men purposely drove alongside a bumble bees' nest. The doctor kept pace with them until Billy stomped his foot on the bees.

Ouch, oh! oh! A hornet shot me in the eye", yelled the hapless victim, "Help, help!"

As a matter of fact, he got a whole volley of shots. But he bore the jokesters no ill will.

Tonic Was Known Afar

The German Vegetable Tonic and Blood Purifier had a reputation which brought patronage throughout Bedford, Blair, Fulton, Franklin, Cambria, Huntingdon and Lancaster counties. It was purely an herb prescription. The doctor used to send to Franklin county for barrels of juniper berries. The berries were one of the main ingredients.

Along with his success in curing dropsy Dr. Oellig was regarded as an authority on treating pneumonia. He relied on blistering the chest with a Croton Oil preparation. He rarely lost a case.

His brothers, Frank and John, were equally reputable physicians. Frank lived in Greencastle, while John remained in his native town of Waynesboro.

Lewis Oellig, the other brother, died at his home in Martinsburg on December 23, 1893. Frank, apparently in good health, left his home in Greencastle, in company with a son to drive to Martinsburg to attend his brother's funeral.

Two Brothers Dead At Once

Arrived in Woodbury, he stopped off to spend the night at the home of

his brother, Dr. Charles Oellig. While sitting in a chair, engaged in conversation with his relatives before retiring for the night, he suddenly was taken with a stroke and died almost instantly. Thus two of the brothers lay dead at the same time.

The youngest member of the Oellig family, Martha, also lived in Martinsburg. It was her wish that as the youngest, she would live long enough to see her brothers and sisters laid away.

Her desire was realized. One after the other she followed her brothers to the grave and then the sisters: Mary Schubert, mother of the late John O. Schubert, Aquilla Sanders, mother of the late J. C. Sanders and

Susannah Brown, who moved out west.

Dr. Charles Oellig sustained the shock of another sudden death in his family. Two of his sons were physicians. One of them, Dr. John, who resided in Woodbury, was about to go out on a call when his horse went into a tantrum. In attempting to subdue the fractious animal, the physician so overtaxed himself that he died within a few hours.

The brother, who also was a physician, died in early life. Thus none of the Oellig name was left in the Cove to carry on in the noble profession with which so many generations of the family were so worthily associated.

THE "FURRE" FAMILY

It was a warm, sunny day. Heat waves quivered in the cleared fields which the farmers had cut and grubbed from the dense forest of giant oak and yellow pine trees,

Simon Potter's estate on either side of Potter Creek was the scene of lively activity. The whirring of the heavy burr stones in the grist mill, the skirling hum of the saw as it bit into the huge logs that were being reduced into lumber in the saw mill, the chop of the woodsmen's axes and the crash of falling trees, made a symphony of sound which fell agreeably on the summer air.

Mary Elizabeth Baker, step daughter of Simon Potter, on this pleasant day 115 years ago was insensible to sight and sound of mills, wood cutters and charcoal burners whose smoke columns rose to heights far above the tree tops. Neither did she look at the train of pack horses that with slow-gaited leisure carried pig iron from the nearby furnace to the forge at Yellow Creek.

Bees Take To Woods

Her whole attention was centered on a swarm of bees. The queen had escaped from one of her step-father's many hives and, with her cloud of loudly buzzing attendants, was taking a wild honeymoon flight.

Vainly Mary shouted, waved her apron and threw stones and clods to induce the bees to turn back to the hives.

Unheeding, the swarm kept on going, making a bee line for the little village of Woodbury two miles away. Refusing to give up the chase, Mary followed. On, on until the cantankerous bees and their pursuer reached a spot just south of Woodbury.

There the queen suddenly decided on a resting place. Without warning, that ball of swarming insects parked right down on Mary's sun bonnet, and the girl, unconcerned, walked the whole way back home with that bunch of red-hot stingers on her head.

But, believe it or not, after walking all that distance she eventually hived them without getting a single, solitary sting.

You may well believe that was an experience Mary never forgot. She married John Ferry in 1822. She and her husband took up house keeping near New Enterprise on what is now the Keystone Dairy farm, owned and operated by their grandson, Edward Ferry.

As her family of ten children, five boys and five girls, reached an age to listen to stories of the old times, she delighted to regale them with this

and many other unusual personal happenings.

Only Youngest Son Remaining

Her youngest child, Lewis B. Ferry, of Woodbury, is 92. He was born December 18, 1841. One of his greatest pleasures is to hark back to the past and tell the stories of adventures his parents told at the home fire side.

Wiry, quick in his movements, he is as spry as a fifty year old. You look at him and fail to see any sign of his great age. The only failing you remark is hardness of hearing. His infectious humor and lively intelligence makes him a very entertaining talker.

When he delves into family history, he goes back to the time when his grandfather, Johannes Furre, settled by the spring near New Enterprise on what is now the "Sylvan Dell" farm, owned by Mrs. Mary Alice Sponsler.

That was in the year 1806. The Furre family took up its abode in a log cabin with an earthen floor. When you look at the handsome, modern dwelling that stands there now, you feel that Mr. Ferry gives you a sample of really ancient history and no mistake.

Johannes Furre had come from Holland. Packing his worldly possession in a chest whose lid was clamped down by powerful hand-wrought brass hinges and lock, he set sail for America in 1791. He and his wife settled at what is now Elizabethtown in Lancaster county.

Moves Family To Cove

In 1806, he loaded his goods on wagons and with his wife and children, pushed over the rough trail westward to the heavily wooded region surrounding what is now New Enterprise. He was induced to establish his home on the now designated Sylvan Dell farm because of the lovely spring which gushed its pure waters from the granite rocks.

This self-same chest, by the way, is now in the possession of Lewis Ferry. He has had it repainted and lettered with the original inscription which was on it when it crossed the Atlantic, viz., "Johannes Furre 1791." Naturally this old heirloom is treasured by its owner.

One end of the Johannes Furre log cabin was taken up with the huge fire place, which guarded the heating the cook fires. It was a cabin such as that in which Abe Lincoln spent his boyhood days. Visitors to the Chicago Century of Progress World's Fair, who viewed the replica of the Lincoln cabin, looked upon just such a dwelling as those in which the Morrisons Cove pioneers lived and reared their prolific early American families.

Hanging on cranes were the three-legged round-bellied iron pots which likely had been made at the William Lane Forge at Hopewell, and a large griddle or spider used to fry meats or hot cakes.

There were some savory stews cooked in the Furre kettles: Venison, bear, wild pigeon and turkey, along with home raised pork, beef and chicken. But nothing Lewis B. Ferry ever tasted could equal the flavor of the victuals fried in his grandmother's swinging griddle.

He's a well-qualified judge, too, since he is a cook himself, or at least, a has-been professional, because he worked at the job. That was back in the 60's. He cooked in a Wisconsin pine woods lumber camp for a crew of 18 husky woodsmen. He must have been pretty good at it for he drew a pay envelope of \$65.00 a month.

Carried Axe to Church

When Grandfather Johannes Furre drove with his wife and children to the Lutheran-German Reformed log church which used to stand near the site of Loysburg, he always took an axe along. It came in handy on several counts.

Frequently, he used it to cut away trees which had been blown across the road by storms. One snowy winter's day, as he was about to clear away a couple of trees which obstructed the right of way, he came upon a pair of young bears who had ensconced themselves in the shelter of the boughs.

A few well directed whacks from the axe and Grandfather Furre loaded the sled with some fine bear steaks and a couple of hides which probably provided good, warm caps for him-

self and his boys.

Grandmother Furre suffered a most peculiar mishap while attending church. She had ridden horseback to the service. As there were no hitching posts other than the trees, she hitched her horse to a limb of a tree and entered the church.

Following the service, she made the discovery that the horse had hung itself.

You can well believe that was a grievous loss. Those were the times when the welfare of a homesteader depended solely upon the horse. Outside of shank's mare and water, he was the only motive power there was. No wonder King Richard exclaimed: "My kingdom for a horse." Old Dobbin took the place of electricity and gasoline while yet these great aids to industry remained in the limbo of undiscovered scientific research.

Cabin Had Earthen Floor

When Lewis B. Ferry's father, John Ferry, moved to what is now the Keystone Dairy farm, operated by Edward Ferry, son of Lewis B. Ferry, there were only five acres of cleared land adjacent to the log cabin house with its earthen floor and the log barn which also inclosed a tamped dirt floor.

The remainder of the tract was heavily wooded with oaks and the magnificent yellow pines, which have been forever exterminated from the once richly wooded surface of Pennsylvania.

Of most importance to John Ferry was the herculean task of getting rid of the timber. He and his five sons worked to such good effect that before Mr. Ferry's death at the age of 85, he had the satisfaction of casting his eyes over a cleared area of highly fertile land, in excess of 250 acres.

Early in the last century there was an iron furnace near New Enterprise in the Potter Creek district. The furnace was manned by a crew of husky, care free Irishmen. Like magnet to the pole, the sons of Erin were drawn to the furnace and forges of the iron industry from its inception in Pennsylvania.

Log Rolling in Early Days

Now when Mr. Ferry had a sufficient number of trees chopped down, he sent word to the Irish furnace men at Potter Creek that they were invited to a log rolling at his place.

In those days the felled trees, after being trimmed of their branches, were rolled together in gigantic piles and burned. The fires from those great funeral pyres which sacrificed the majestic pines burned for days. The flames must have leaped upward into the very sky.

For reward of several drinks of whiskey and a good meal, the Irishmen set to work with such good will that the heavy logs were rolled together in record breaking time.

Although the whiskey jug was passed around freely, none of the men became intoxicated. In fact, Mr. Ferry's recollection is that drunkenness was rare then. He remembers of only one man, among the many that worked for his father, who imbibed to the extent of becoming drunk.

It was at harvest time. The man referred to, lost his equilibrium so that he fell off the load of grain, repeatedly. But that did not stop him from keeping on working. On account of his efficiency and good rating in the community, the companions of this man, tactfully ignored his defection from sobriety.

Drinking was not encouraged in the Ferry home. John Ferry and his wife were sincere, God-fearing folks whose example and precepts exerted an influence over their children, which kept them in the sober, honest, upright ways traditional to their forebears. But the custom of the times demanded the gratuity of a jug of rum to farm hands.

Mr. Ferry says that he never "smoked, chewed nor was drunk." Without a doubt his consistent observance of temperance in all things, contributed to his long life.

Women Used to Hardships

On the other hand the Ferry's are a tough fibered race. They inherit strong constitutions. Mr. Ferry's father, as was mentioned before, was 85. His mother, despite the strength

—depleting hardships of pioneer life and the rearing of ten children, reached the age of 78.

When the week's market day came around, Mrs. Ferry saddled a horse, filled the saddle bags with butter, vaulted to the back of the animal and, with a basket of eggs perched in front of her, trotted off to Bloody Run (Everett). The market price was 5 cents a dozen for eggs and 6 cents a pound for butter.

She brought back in exchange, salt, pepper, sugar and coffee, together with an occasional balance of trade in the shape of a few coins.

While virtually all the products of the Ferry farm were bartered for necessities, such as leather, ironware and porcelain, a little money was required now and then to pay to the itinerant skilled working men and peddlers, who went from door to door.

The peddlers carried in their packs needles, pins and fancy gew gaws, which the hearts of the frontiers women desired with an ardor they could not resist. One can imagine the rigid self-denial and maneuvering it took to save the pennies to patronize the peddlers.

Travelling mill wrights, shoe makers, tool and implement makers and repairmen, the whole ilk of itinerant artisans and notions peddlers, were not only welcome, because of their handicraft, but for the news of the outside world they brought. They filled the place in the social scheme of things which the radio and newspapers furnish today.

Education Came First

As soon as little Lewis was old enough Father Ferry decreed that he must go to school. He'd raise no dumbkops in his family so long as they had access to schooling.

Forthwith the little tow headed Lewis trudged off to Lafayetteville to school, and what a torture chamber to little bodies those rude forerunners of the little red school house were.

Lewis took his place on a slab-side, backless bench in front of the master's desk. There he sat all through "books" with his little primer held

upright in his hand. Were he luckless enough to let his book drop to his knees, the teacher gave him a whack with disciplinary pointer.

The a-b-abs came hard to the little boy, for German was the language spoken in the house. Therefore, he had to learn the English letters and the English speech at the same time.

Wagon spokes, stuck in the slabs at an angle, propped up the seats at a height that kept the little folks' legs dangling. Only when they slid to the extreme edge of the bench, could they touch the floor with their toes.

The teacher heroically carried out Solomon's injunction, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," to the point of satiety. He walked along the row of beginners, giving them a swat on their legs as he passed in front of them and, for good measure, he reversed the process, and dusted their backs as he returned in leisurely stroll to his desk.

No Royal Road to Learning

Can you imagine the discomfort of those little learners, who imbibed their letters and figures in a tribulation which would start a revolution if it were inflicted on the youngsters of today?

The larger pupils were ringed about the wall, with their backs to the teacher. They were given the advantage of space at a desk. What a bleak outlook that discolored wall was, which bounded their vision day after day.

Neither were the big boys subjected to the same generosity of the stick which was practiced on the little codgers. Dear teacher had too much respect for the reprisal that they might wreak.

But there sat the defenseless little ones, holding up their books with such enforced assiduity that their thumbs wore the pages clear through to the binding.

Yet with all the weariness of bone and muscle and the repeated scutchings, deserved and otherwise, they learned wonderfully well.

Here is Mr. Ferry, who went to school only four months in the year, and for only a few years at that, who writes a clearly, legible hand, with

careful application of the rules of spelling, capitalization and punctuation. His "English" compares favorably with that of the average High school student. As a matter of fact, he expresses his ideas with greater clarity than many of them are capable of.

It might be of interest to state that it was the school master, who decided how to spell Lewis' surname. The German was "Furre". The master, who had an exaggerated idea of the importance of English, worked on the theory that anything "Dutch" connoted inferiority. Hence he eliminated the "u" and set the seal of propriety on "Ferry" as the approved way of spelling it.

Mr. Ferry looks back on that little boy so painstakingly holding up his book, with tolerant amusement. For he realizes that the schools of his day were a symbol of the stern ruggedness of an uncompromising age, which paid no homage to soft and easy living.

Once upon a time a widow lived at the foot of a mountain. She owned a train of pack horses. Just when this was is not specified in the records, but it presumably was during or shortly after the Revolutionary War.

The chronicler states that she was a "strong-minded widow". The fact that she owned a string of pack horses raised her to the position a railroad president holds today.

She lived on a bluff along the Juniata river in the vicinity of Mt. Dallas, Bedford county, Pennsylvania.

Day after day, her horses, laden with huge cargoes of goods, held fast by iron hoops or bands slung from their backs, wound up and down the slopes of the mountain chain which traverses the south-central section of Pennsylvania from north to south. The natives called this rugged spur, "The Mountain," since it had no name.

How Tussey Mt. Was Named

The pack train, which transported supplies from Carlisle for the Indian traders and white settlers inhabiting much of what is now Bedford county, was such a familiar sight, that the people living in that region named

the mountain after the widow.

Her name was Elizabeth Tussey more familiarly abbreviated to "Bet-sy." And that was how Tussey mountain got its name.

Lewis B. Ferry, well-known nonagenarian of Woodbury, has in his possession old newspapers and other records in which are detailed many interesting items of local history.

The foregoing account of the origin of the name of Tussey mountain is one The Herald reporter picked out at random from data furnished by Mr. Ferry.

Another interesting bit was about the way Mt. Dallas received its name. It was named for a "fool from Philadelphia."

This is how the story goes:

In the year 1798 or there about, a stranger got off a coach and took lodging at the residence of Mrs. Hartley, who lived on the farm at Mt. Dallas which is still known as the old Hartley farm.

The gentleman inquired whether any land in that vicinity had been sold recently.

The somewhat blunt spoken woman replied that she had heard that "some fool" in Philadelphia had bought the high knob on the other side of the river, but what on earth he wanted with it, nobody knew.

Securing the services of a surveyor, the stranger went out for the day on some mission of his own. On his return to the Hartley house, he declared:

"Well, Mrs. Hartley, I'm that fool. I bought several tracts of land from a jobber in Philadelphia, all represented to be low meadow and glade land. I now find the largest tract embraces that knob."

Mt. Dallas Named For "Fool"

On learning that the deluded purchaser's name was Alexander Dallas, Mrs. Hartley proposed that the knob be named Mt. Dallas, in his honor. Hence the name perpetuates a gigantic swindle.

Mr. Ferry gave The Herald reporter a copy of a baptismal certificate which had belonged to his grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Krafftin (Croft) The child baptised presum-

ably was her daughter, Mr. Ferry's aunt. It was written in German. The translation was made by J. B. Beckhoefer, well known retired merchant of Woodbury. The phraseology has all the quaint tang of a past century. Here it is:

Certificate of Baptism

To the both married couple, Daniel Becker and his lawful wedded wife, Elizabeth born Krafftin, a daughter is born in the world in the year of Our Lord 1801, the 23rd day of November about Hour—, minute—.

And received the name in Holy Baptism, Anna Maria, from Herr Preacher Hinsch.

Witnesses to Baptism were George and Maria Krafft. Above child is born and Baptised in America in the State of Pennsylvania in County Adams.

Mr. Lewis B. Ferry succeeded his father as owner of the present Keystone Dairy farm, now operated by his son Edward S. Ferry. The latter has qualified as a Master farmer. The training instilled by his father, doubtless has contributed greatly to the efficiency of this well known Morrisons Cove agriculturalist.

Was Fine Farmer

In his day, Mr. Lewis B. Ferry was considered one of the best farmers in Bedford county. Hard work, native intelligence and good judgment were the ingredients of his success.

He also dealt in horses and engaged in grain marketing on an extensive scale. His former customers remember him as a practical horseman.

He knew horses from the hoof up and the teeth out. No trader, no matter how shrewd, could take advantage of him. He could detect a pepped-up crow bait at sight.

S. B. Slick, of Roaring Spring, R. D., well remembers the first time he ever saw Mr. Ferry, with whom in later life he had a most happy association.

Mr. Slick, then a boy of perhaps five years of age, was riding in a wagon with his father. Along came a horseman on a dashing, long-legged, high-headed bay. The small boy in the wagon thought the horseman cut a fine figure on the big, restive brown

horse. His father told him. "That is Lewis B. Ferry. He was married not long ago."

The rider looked the part of a happy bridegroom, as Mr. Slick recalls. He had been married in 1867 to Miss Mary J. Crissman, of St. Clairsville. She died some years ago, leaving her husband to the loneliness of solitary old age.

Knew His Horses

Mr. Ferry had his horses shipped by train from Virginia to Curry and Ore Hill. As a component of his knowledge of horse flesh, he knew all the fine points about breaking them to harness. Unless a horse was a "dummy", he could gentle anything on four hooves. Mettlesome animals were his meat.

A. B. Miller of Curryville, had one of the Furry Virginia bred horses, which lived to be thirty years old. Old Dick, as he was called, got to be so wise, that he approximated human intelligence. Among other tricks he knew, he could open any door latch that wasn't nailed down.

The Ferry brand of horses always was exactly as represented.

While not actively interested in politics, Mr. Ferry votes regularly. He is a Democrat. He has been a consistent member of the Lutheran church since he was fifteen. As a mark of their esteem and confidence, the congregation at Woodbury has elected him to serve on the church council for thirty-five consecutive years.

Retired Near Quarter Century

He retired from farming in 1910. Since then he has resided in his present comfortable home, next door to the Woodbury bank building.

Four of his family of six children are living. They are Frank Ferry and Mrs. Jacob Kauffman, nee Dessa Ferry, of Roaring Spring; Ross Ferry, of Denver, Colo., and Edward S. Ferry of New Enterprise.

Before abandoning these reminiscences of Mr. Ferry, it might be well to mention that the ore bank he told about in a former installment, was known as the Leidy ore bank. It was located on the former Ephraim Longenecker farm near New Enterprise,

now owned by Ross Bowser.

When Mr. Ferry's father at six years of age, took up residence in the Cove, in the year 1806, Woodbury was in its veriest infancy. It was laid out in town lots by David Holsinger. The first lot was sold in 1801 at a price of \$8.00. Henry Hoffman and his wife Barbara were the purchasers.

Until his death in 1885, John Ferry, Lewis B. Ferry's father had seen Woodbury attain very nearly its present growth.

During the long span of Mr. Lewis B. Ferry's life, he has seen Altoona emerge from a frog pond and develop into a large city.

EARLY DAY JOKERS

In every community there's always somebody who bears the reputation of being a natural born clown.

Native wit and a knack for comical antics endow these happ-go-lucky folks with the attributes that amuse and entertain their more stolid neighbors. It makes you smile just to hear a chance mention of their names.

Talk to any of the old folks you know and not one, but will tell of some such "case", whose escapades in the long ago, kept the neighborhood in a state of mirthful anticipation.

In fact, they will declare that they "don't breed 'em anymore." Whether the blame lies with our educational system or whether society demands that humanity be shaped to a universal pattern, the old folks claim the present day variety of township "character" cannot hold a candle to the type they knew.

For instance, A. B. Miller, of Curryville, when in reminiscent mood, enjoys telling of one such jokester with whom he was familiar back in the 'seventies, and whose short comings were tolerantly overlooked.

The man in question was a sort of neer-do-well. But he was such a lovable fellow that he had the good will of everybody who knew him.

His chief failing was a taste for liquor. Unless he took too big a cargo on board, John Barleycorn only served to put an edge on this man's good humor and quick wit.

On one memorable spree, his pranks were carried too far, with the result that he landed in jail.

He was locked up in the old Hol-

lidsburg jail. By all accounts when the old bastille was torn down, more bed bugs were left homeless than had ever before been known to exist.

At any rate, late in the night, when sleep had descended on the inmates of the jail, the nocturnal silence was rent by the wild baying of a hound.

Warden Cleverly Tricked

The warden arose in alarm unable to decipher the mystery of how a dog had gotten into the jail. For no doubt was in his mind that the animal was within the walls. The interior reverberated shrilly with the deep-throated bellowsings.

The hound was giving tongue to the world that it was hot on the trail of game.

Guided by the sound, the warden discovered that the barking came from the cell in which he had stowed the drunk and disorderly case, who hailed from the vicinity of Ore Hill.

Opening the door, he yelled, "What's going on in here?"

His prisoner, with great solemnity, replied: "I've got a bed bug treed up there on the ceiling and I'm trying to see whether I can't make him come down."

The warden was so much amused and disgusted together, that he told the fellow, "You get up and make tracks out of here as fast as you can, or I'll show you what will be up a tree." And without further ado, the hound imitator was given his freedom.

Along with his other accomplishments, this same fellow, was an outstanding athlete, according to the standards of the times.

He could coil himself up into a ball in front of a sevenfoot fence and spring over it in a standing jump without ever touching the top rail.

There was another droll individual of Mr. Miller's acquaintance, whose vagaries when he was "liquored up" were the talk of the community.

Long ago on the day before Christmas, cold and with a light snow covering the ground, Mr. and Mrs. Miller visited the folks who lived next door to the man under discussion.

Whitewashing At Christmas

To the utter astonishment of the visitors, he was vigorously engaged in whitewashing his lawn fence.

Following the exchange of greetings, and after relieving himself of a generous squirt of tobacco juice, the industrious whitewasher affably inquired, "How did your clover ketch."

When Mrs. Miller later called on the wife of this man, she was treated to the spectacle of a fence rail with one end stuck in the kitchen stove and the other resting on the back of a chair, serving as fuel. As the end in the fire burned off, the lady of the house kept pushing the remainder of the rail into the stove until it all eventually was consumed.

It seemed the husband had conscientious scruples against chopping wood, consequently, his better half had hit on the happy expedient of burning the rail whole.

An old lady living in the same neighborhood, and who belonged to the same generation, lamented the loss of her pet cow, Sookey.

She came to a neighbor in a flutter of excitement one day with the news that she had seen a cow that looked just like her Sookey.

Yes, they were "as like as two twins." The cow was just exactly of the same size and build of Sookey. She had horns like Sookey's. Her face was like Sookey's. Her eyes and her tail were like Sookey's. The only difference was that Sookey was red and this cow was black.

Feud At Ore Hill

Following the Civil War, there were two gangs of feudists, whose prowess at fighting had become folk

lore. They were known as the Ore Hill Yellow Bellies and the Clapper gang.

Whenever these gangs met, a fight ensued which had all the ferocity of the jungle.

At one such chance meeting, the Ore Hillers took refuge in a house. The Clappers, in their attempt to force their rivals into the open, practically stoned the house down. The building was almost a complete wreck.

The champion of the Clappers was a giant, who would have made Canera look under nourished.

Ambushed in a house, Hen Clapper, as he was called, was attacked by the Ore Hill gang. With his back to the wall, Mr. Clapper held them at bay, retreating by degrees, until they got him cornered up in the attic.

Here the defender got hold of a great pine knot. Using this weapon, much in the manner with which Samson fought the Philistines, with the jaw bone of an ass, he put the Ore Hillers on the run. In fact, he nearly killed a couple of them.

Determined on vengeance, one of the Ore Hillers took advantage of an opportunity to try a knock-out on Mr. Clapper. The latter was walking along, unaware that the other party was following him.

When the man in the rear got close enough, he slipped up and hit Mr. Clapper a powerful blow with his fist just back of the ear.

Not even jolted out of his stride, Mr. Clapper, looked back and said, "Say, you little whipper-snapper, get out of this, or you're going to get hurt."

Without a doubt, those were the days when men were men. Perhaps being nearer to the primitive than we are, their great strength was the outgrowth of their combat with the wild.

HERALDINGS

Governments, as well as individuals, often pay a high and unnecessary price for their experience.

KAUFFMANS HERE EARLY

In a settlement in Lancaster county, two Kauffman families lived in neighborly accord. You might well say the feeling existing between them exceeded mere friendship, because four boys in the one Kauffman family, in course of time, married four girls from the other family.

Whether the two families were related, or whether the similarity of name was due to coincidence, Albert Kauffman, who resides a mile west of Curryville, is unable to say. Mr. Kauffman, in a recent interview, gave the present writer the data, which we shall try to set forth in this brief history of the Kauffman family.

Two pairs of these intermarried Kauffmans, who migrated to Morrisons Cove in the 1830's, are the fore parents of all the members of the clan now living in the central part of the Cove.

Albert Kauffman's grandfather, Henry Kauffman settled on the James Morgan estate farm in 1832. Frederick Kauffman, grandfather of Irvin and Andrew Kauffman of Curryville, took up his residence in 1833 on the former Isaac Kauffman farm, now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Miller. The two farms are perhaps a half mile apart, as the crow flies.

Sought Wide Open Spaces.

Lancaster county was becoming too populous to suit the Kauffmans. Towns were growing up and real estate prices were rising.

In search of cheaper land, Henry Kauffman gave his high-topped boots a good tallow greasing, swung a knap sack full of bread and meat on to his back, took his light ash walking cane in hand and started west.

He walked the whole way to Martinsburg, looked the situation over and decided to buy the present James Morgan heirs' farm.

This was in 1831. The next year he brought his family, consisting at that time of his wife and three children, two little boys, John and Andrew, and their sister Elizabeth. The latter, when she grew up married Elijah Quarry. They were the parents of

Reuben Quarry of Martinsburg.

The journey to the new home was made in a conestoga wagon drawn by two blind horses. It took longer for the horses to make the trip than it had taken Mr. Kauffman to hike it the year before.

Children Enjoyed Trip.

It was a great lark for the children to travel so far. When they felt like stretching their legs, they walked or played alongside the wagon as the team lumbered over the deeply rutted roads.

The boys would have looked rather comical to modern eyes. In dress they were small replicas of their father. They wore tall stove pipe hats, just like daddy's. Everything they saw along the road side was of vast interest. Doubtless they shouted gleefully as they scampered after rabbits and squirrels whose quiet retreats were disturbed by the travelers.

One day Mother Kauffman's heart skipped a beat or two as she saw John and Andrew pounce upon a snake which they threw into the bushes. It so happened that the reptile was dead, but even if it had been alive, the venturesome boys would have picked it up just the same. They never heeded danger.

When the family finally reached their destination, they lost no time in building a log cabin. The first barn or stable probably also was of logs. It was replaced in 1847 by the present structure and a year or so later, the present frame dwelling house was erected. It stands about a hundred feet from the site of the original log cabin.

Although Albert is the youngest of his family, he seems to be the one who had been most interested in the tales of his elders' early experience. Also, he retains the liveliest memories of the uses to which the old log house was put after it had been abandoned as a dwelling.

The boys of the community used to turn it into an amateur barber shop. It is only recently that country boys patronize professional bar-

bers to get a "town hair cut." In every family there was at least one of the sons who could wield a slick pair of scissors.

By unanimous consent this handy man cut the hair of the crowd. He did it according to style and individual taste, fancy or plain, pompadour, middle or side parting, long or short. The log-cabin barbers were no slouches at the tonsorial art.

Nowadays all the farmers are trying to get as close to market as possible. In fact, those who live along the improved roads, set up a wayside market at their front door.

Hauled Grain To Baltimore.

You'd never guess where Henry Kauffman took his marketing. He drove clear to Baltimore to sell his grain. Made the trip up and down over the rough mountain trails in a springless wagon and thought nothing of it.

He and Jacob Bassler, his nearest neighbor, who lived on the present George Stonerook estate farm, returned home from one of these trips by way of Pittsburgh.

You scarcely could think of a more roundabout way than that. The probability is that they accepted a contract to deliver a load of merchandise in the Smoky City. Those thrifty old-timers generally managed to have a load on the trip back. Well they knew there was no profit in hauling empty wagons.

By the time the new barn was built on the Kauffman farm in 1847, there were several more boys in the family. Henry, Joseph, Christian, Abraham and Levi were born after the parents had moved to the Cove.

The threshing floor was at once accepted as a fine play ground. It was the best place to "rattle" they had ever seen. One day John and Andrew engaged in such a lively tussle that John fell out through the door into the barnyard. Picking himself up, unhurt, he was ready to begin the high jinks over again.

Was Mennonite Minister.

Henry Kauffman was a Mennonite minister. He was born in 1799 the same year as Albert Kauffman's maternal grandfather, Frederick Rhodes

who also was a Mennonite preacher. Both were instrumental in building the old Mennonite church which was located between Martinsburg and Millerstown, and which was the first church edifice of their denomination in the Cove.

The Kauffmans originally came from Holland. Rev. Henry Kauffman's mother, who spent her latter years with him, was born in Holland.

It was she who selected the location of the Kauffman cemetery. Community grave yards are comparatively of recent origin in the Cove. The majority of the old families laid out family burial plots on their own farms. It apparently never occurred to them that the land might eventually pass out of the family name into possession of parties who might not have any personal interest in the upkeep of the spot dedicated to the dead.

At any rate, the old lady while walking with members of the family on a Sunday afternoon, called attention to the spot, which was a natural clearing surrounded by woods. It is on high ground from which a beautiful view can be had in all directions.

"Here," she said, "would be a good place for a grave yard."

In compliance with her wishes, her son ordered that the spot she selected should be reserved for that purpose.

The old grandmother died a short time thereafter and was the first one to be buried there.

Little Namesake Rests There.

One of Albert Kauffman's namesakes, little George Albert Stern, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Stern, was buried in the Kauffman cemetery, because the little fellow had requested it.

No relationship exists between the Kauffmans and the Sterns, but little George Albert liked to be taken to visit the spot. Especially so following the burial there of his good friend, Mr. William Weidener.

Mr. Weidener had been very companionable and kind to the little boy. He always had a treat of candy or something good in his pocket when he went to see George Albert.

One day "Billy" Weidener's body was found dangling from a rafter in

the attic of his home. The burial was made in the Kauffman cemetery.

While on a visit to the cemetery, George Albert's parents showed the little four year old boy where his friend, "Billy's" grave was.

"When I die," declared the child, I don't want you to bury me close to the fence where "Billy" is. The hogs might get me. I want to be buried right here."

George Albert's little life fluttered back to its Maker not long afterwards. The tiny grave lies at the spot he had pointed out.

Albert Kauffman's father used to tell his children about the fun he and his brothers had in their boyhood chasing deer. The deer were so plentiful they fed in the fields in flocks. Father Kauffman never hunted game, which probably accounted for the deer being so tame. The boys used to stalk them in order to draw close unobserved. Then they would jump out, shout and wave their hats to see the animals run. They bounded over the ground with the fleetness of the wind.

Boys Had Little Spare Time.

The boys hadn't much time for chasing deer or other pastimes. About all the farm machinery their father had was a wagon and a plow. During the first few years the family lived in the Cove, the land had to be cleared.

They broke up the clods with a handmade drag, sowed seed by hand, cultivated with hoes and cut the grain with cradles, and roused it out on the barn floor with a flail.

The men of the family not only exemplified the bone and muscle weariness of "The Man with the Hoe," they supplemented the hoeing with

grubbing the clearings and hewing wood. Everything they did required the hardest kind of manual labor. But they knew no easier condition of life. They rejoiced in their physical strength and the amount of work they were able to do in a day, and were happy.

Hard work hasn't scared any of the Kauffmans yet, nor does it blunt their good humor.

Back in the fields where the deer pastured in his father's youth, Albert Kauffman and his boyhood chums used to walk on Sunday afternoons in the summer time to a solitary grave which greatly aroused their curiosity.

It was located on what is now the Daniel Stoltzfus farm. A head marker of a native stone had graven on it the terse inscription, "Pap" and the date 1802.

Visit Unknown Grave.

He, who was laid there to rest, was the head of his household. To the bereaved survivors, he was the chief figure in the little world which bounded their daily lives. They would cherish his memory forever.

Little did they think that the time would come that his name and deeds should so completely be forgotten, that strangers should wander to his lonely grave and ask each other, "Who was he?" Compared with the totality of time, the space of a life is but a passing breath.

The children of Andrew and Frances Rhodes Kauffman were: Nancy, Mary Ellen and Clara, deceased, Mrs. Harriet Snyder, Levi, Fred and Albert, all of whom reside within a short distance of the homestead of their grandfather, Henry Kauffman.

THE BIG SPRING

"Preacher Miller says the world will come to an end on April 29. There will be signs on the sun and signs on the moon. These hard times are beginning of the end.

"Well, I don't know whether he's

right or not. The world may come to an end on April 29th or for all I know, it might stand for a hundred years yet."

Thus wrote John Bottenfield, grandfather of Miss Nora Bottenfield, of

Williamsburg, on Jan. 22, 1843, to a relative in Ohio.

The gist of the letter is concerned with the hardships endured because of the depression. He deplors the low prices and the lack of hard money. Gold and silver had been taken out of circulation and shin plasters and scrip were the only kind of legal tender available.

Judging by the information given in the letter, shin plasters were secured by taxes. They were issued by the local units of government and were apparently accepted at face value in any kind of business transaction which took place in Pennsylvania, but were no good outside the state.

Saw Gloomy Outlook

Induced by the depression, all sorts of direful forebodings disquieted the people. They were moved to prophesy ever greater disasters to come which would eventuate into Gabriel's trumpet call heralding the Day of Judgment.

Mr. Bottenfield's description of the panic of 1843 shows that it was not much different from the one of 1934.

It induced the same state of uneasiness, aroused similar fears, swung people's minds to spiritual things, and played hob with our currency.

His granddaughter, Miss Nora Bottenfield, lives in the handsome, stately brick house overlooking the big spring at Williamsburg. It formerly was known as the Neff house.

It was built by John K. Neff, who bought the farm on which it stands, April 13, 1848.

Mr. Neff was interested in the iron industry. He very successfully operated the furnace at Williamsburg. Gradually he extended the scope of his activities, until in 1869, he helped organize a stock company which founded the Rome Iron Manufacturing company at Rome, Georgia.

Thus the Bottenfield mansion is a land mark of a Williamsburg resident, who rose to national prominence.

Before going further into the interesting old records in Miss Bottenfield's possession, it might be well to introduce a brief sketch of the genesis of Williamsburg.

Town Has Fine Location.

Walled in by the mantled verdure of the mountains, drained by the limpid flow of the blue Juniata, and further enhanced by a magnificent spring of limestone water, the site of Williamsburg presented natural beauty and advantages, which attracted settlers as early as the Revolutionary War.

No effort was made, however, to found a town until August 14, 1795 when Jacob Ake, who had moved in from Conococheague, Washington county, Md., employed Patrick Cassidy, of Newry, to plot 120 lots which bordered the river and lay in proximity to the spring.

Mr. Ake, some time before this date had acquired 600 acres from Colonel John Canan and John Swift, for which he paid \$6.00 an acre.

In line with the custom of the landed gentry of the Old World, he chose to perpetuate the family name by calling the new town Aketown. Later it was named Williamsburg in honor of Mr. Ake's oldest son, William, who was about to seek his fortune in Tuckahoe Valley.

Lots Sold On Rental Basis

Money being scarce, Mr. Ake sold his lots entailed by ground rent, whereby the purchaser made a small down payment in cash and bound himself to pay an annual ground rent of one Spanish milled dollar or its equivalent in value "as long as grass grows and water flows."

In consequence, the owners of the original Ake lots in Williamsburg each year pay over to a descendant of Jacob Ake the value of a Spanish milled dollar. Last year the ground rent amounted to fifty cents. Mrs. Anna Bell McKeage, of Cherry Tree, Pa., is the present representative of the family, to whom the rent is paid.

The spring or manor farm, owned by Miss Nora Bottenfield, was bought by Jacob Ake November 31, 1797, from John Canan. Colonel Canan had purchased from George Reynolds, who secured it by patent issued by the supreme executive council of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Chemical analysis of the water of

the Williamsburg spring proves it to be identical with that of Roaring Spring. The late 'Squire David S. Brumoaugh, of Roaring Spring, entered into a study of this similarity. His investigations led him to believe that the two springs had a common origin in a subterranean lake which underlies Curryville.

Water Used In Paper Making

Be that as it may, no purer water wells out of Mother Earth than that of these two, never-failing artesian fountains. Because of the rare quality of the water, it is being used in both instances in the manufacture of paper.

Thus it is, that the spring at Williamsburg, whose cool, clear waters drew the pioneers to brave the Indian avengers, in this industrial age is utilized in manufacturing paper which is shipped to China, as well as to other far distant parts of the world.

According to data furnished by Miss Bottenfield, the Spring is 140 feet long, 38 feet wide and from 1½ to 4½ feet in depth. Its capacity is 83,000 gallons, with a flow of 2,700 gallons per minute.

Samuel Bottenfield was born on Hickory Bottom. His wife, Mary Cowen, was one of the daughters of John Cowen, who resided along Halter Creek, south of Roaring Spring. Miss Nora Bottenfield is their only child.

Mary Cowen Bottenfield was a granddaughter of Edward Cowen, the first immigrant of that name to settle in Blair county. He was a highlander, from Scotland, who, with bright hopes of bettering his fortune, landed in Philadelphia in the latter part of 1785.

At the inn where he lodged he made the acquaintance of Miss Elizabeth Pote, newly arrived from Germany. She was unable to speak English. He could speak no German.

But Cupid does not recognize barriers imposed by a difference of language. These two fell in love and in January of 1786, their attachment culminated in marriage.

That must have been a curious

courtship. How in the world did he "pop the question?"

Wedding Trip On Horseback.

Be that as it may, it was a happy marriage. Young Mr. Cowen bought himself a horse, it is said. With their worldly possessions stowed in the saddle bags and in packs loaded on the horse, the newlyweds set out for the western frontier, the bride riding while her bridegroom walked alongside.

The end of that novel honeymoon trip was at Spang's Mill, now Roaring Spring. Here they decided to found their home. They settled on a large tract a mile south of Roaring Spring. How well they chose, is amply testified by the beautiful farm home of E. C. Cowen, for it has been developed from the original Edward Cowen grant. On this homestead they raised their family of fourteen children.

Mrs. Cowen lived to be somewhere between 95 and 100. At her death in 1853, her age could not definitely be determined owing to her birth certificate having been thrown overboard on her trip across the Atlantic.

As the story is told by her great-grandson, A. A. Cowen, well known throughout the Cove and Blair county at large, the sailing ship in which the then Elizabeth Pote made the crossing, was caught by a terrific storm. In the effort to lighten the cargo, the Captain forced the passengers to heave the bulk of their baggage into the sea. Later it was discovered that the certificate had inadvertently been sacrificed to the fury of the lashing winds.

Beside Mrs. Bottenfield, there were four other girls in the family of John Cowen, grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cowen. They were Nancy (Mrs. Henry Smith), Catherine (Mrs. George Shiffler), Louise, (Mrs. D. S. Brumbaugh) and Miss Sadie Cowen.

The youngest member of the family was a boy, Edward. When he was a little fellow, he regularly insisted on sleeping in the kitchen on the wood box Saturday nights. You see Saturday night was beau night. He wished to do a little quiet detective

work to find out what courting was like. But father and mother defeated this interesting experiment by packing him off to bed.

Next morning though there was a reward. When his sisters passed around the "pokes" of peppermint and tea berry lozenges and cream candy, which their admirers had left as tokens of regard, Edward was on hand to claim a share.

Girls Attract Attention.

Mary, Louise and Sadie had a hard time to keep from giggling in church on one occasion. The Winebrennarian or Church of God congregation in the early history of Roaring Spring had no church edifice.

The members of this faith, living along Halter Creek, met in one another's homes, where local exhorters conducted the service and explained the Scriptures, and devout, faithful shepherds they were.

On this particular Sunday the Cowen girls, trim and attractive in their fashionable crinolines, sat well at the front. Two worthy patriarchs sat in the improvised pulpit facing the congregation.

In a tone quite audible all over the room, one of the preachers asked the other, "Whose girls are them?"

Equally audible was the reply, "Cowenses."

Father Cowen bought the first sewing machine ever seen "along Halter Creek." The girl friends of the Cowen sisters came to express their delight at the short, even stitches made by the machine. Try as they might, they could not duplicate with their needles stitching that looked so neat to them.

Bible Relic Of 1776

Among Miss Bottonfield's prized

family relics is a rare Bible. It was printed by that celebrated publisher, Christopher Sauer, of Philadelphia, in the year of the birth of the United States of America, 1776. The very year that Thomas Jefferson and his colleagues, penned the Declaration of Independence, this handsomely leather bound volume came off the press.

On the fly leaf, in ornately embellished script, appears the name of the first owner of the book, Johannes Schneeberger, great grandfather of Miss Bottenfield. Except that the pages are yellowed by age, the book is virtually as good as new.

Scraps of paper containing family records and some quaint bits of information are preserved here and there between its pages.

One of them bears the following memorandum: Nov. 13, 1833, in the morning at 4 o'clock the stars flew.

This doubtless is a reference to the shower of meteors that blazed across the heavens as if every star had exploded at crack of doom.

Here is a daguerreotype. It delineates a pretty girl of 16. Miss Bottenfield says it is a picture of her mother. The good looking hat in her hand, trimmed with bow knots of tulle, was the first hat worn in the Halter Creek section.

Prior to that time the girls wore the poke bonnet shape, tied fetchingly under the chin. Mary's new hat set the fashion. All the other girls henceforth wanted to discard their pokes in favor of the "latest" head-gear.

Reminders of the past. What a rich source of memories! The house by the spring surely is a house of gracious recollections of gracious folks who passed their lives within its walls.

INDIAN RAIDS ARE RECALLED

Young Frederick Rhodes, wishing to leave the home fireside in order to set up housekeeping for himself, asked permission of his father to step off a farm for himself near where Martinsburg now stands.

"Nein, nein," demurred the elder Rhodes, "don't settle there. That land is no goot. Nicht, cum rouse."

Yielding to his father's better judgment, Frederick settled nearer home, thereby giving up the idea of taking

title to a homestead in the vicinity of Martinsburg, free gratis.

Albert Kauffman, who lives in the "Kauffman Corner" a mile and a half north east of Curryville, relates some very interesting stories about the frontier experiences of his ancestors.

The stories were told him by his mother, Mrs. Frances (Fannie) Rhodes Kauffman, who had got them in the traditional way by listening to the sagas of the elders as they entertained guests, or gathered in family group around the hearthstone during winter evenings or other times of leisure.

According to her recollection there was a time when the provincial government offered free all the land a man could step off in a day. He was presumed to mark the corners of his claim by a lodged tree. That is, a tree was cut off the stump in such manner that as it toppled over it lodged against a supporting tree.

While the present writer was unable to find historical records to substantiate the giving away of free lands by the provincial government of Pennsylvania, the fact of such a story having been handed down in the Rhodes family is sufficient evidence that it was so.

Settled in North Woodbury Township

The first Rhodes, who pushed his way across Tussey mountain from either Marklesburg or Standing Stone (Huntingdon) was one of the first settlers to rear a home in what is now North Woodbury township.

Unquestionably it was a long time ago, so long that Albert Kauffman does not know his first name, whether Frederick or Daniel. The speech of the Rhodes family was German, but the belief was current among the older generations that they were of German French descent. Quite likely of Huguenot blood.

To come back to the free land. It is probable that such an offer may have been in force for a short period to induce settlers loyal to the British crown to populate this part of the frontier as a barrier to French and Indian invasions.

We are so far removed, in the rap-

id succession of events, if not in the length of time, from the settlement of the Cove, that we have no proper appreciation of the sacrifice of blood which was exacted as the price of its occupancy by the whites.

This fruitful valley was in truth, "dark and bloody ground." Believing themselves to have been cheated out of just compensation for the lands by the Albany treaty of 1754, war parties made periodic forays on the settlements, bent both on slaughter and capture.

As no records were kept, there is no exact data of the number killed or carried away by the savages, but it was sufficient to keep those that escaped in constant fear.

Indians Murdered Dunkards

Incited by liberal bounties of wampum and fire water paid by the British for scalps of frontier colonists, whether of men, women or children, the most fiendish of the raids was made in 1777.

A band of some thirty Indians fell upon a colony of Dunkards and ruthlessly tomahawked between twenty and thirty of them.

These people, who were of German and Swiss extraction, adhered to the tenet of their faith, which forbade the bearing of firearms and the taking of human life, even in self-defense.

Martyrs to their conviction, they made no resistance. They died with the prayer on their lips, "Gottes wille sei gethan." (God's will be done.)

Early chroniclers relate that in 1812 an old Indian inquired of Huntingdon troops serving in the middle west whether the Gotts Wilthans people still lived in the Cove. Evidently non-resistance was beyond the ken of the savage mind.

It is the practice of historians to condemn the murdered first settlers as cowards. However, we, who are descended from pioneer Dunkards, believe that the courage that abides faithful to one's religious convictions, even unto death, is equal or even transcends the courage which dictates self-defense by the sword.

Thus the first settlement was wiped out. Scarcely had the reek of the un-

buried corpses faded out of the atmosphere until others of the Dunkard faith had streamed in through Loysburg pass or by the mountain trails from Fulton county.

The Rhodeses were Mennonites. The first one that crossed the mountain into the Cove by way of Marklesburg, built his log cabin by the first big spring he came to. This is where later he, or perhaps it was his son, built the big "stone house."

The stone house is still standing ing east of Fredericksburg. Sunk in one of its walls, is the date of its erection—1816. It is the third house to have been built on this site.

The first one was destroyed by the Indians. Three times the Rhodes family made their escape when the redskins war whooped an attack in the night.

Home Burned By Savages

On two occasions, nothing was disturbed, but on the third the family, which had sought refuge on the mountain, saw their home go up in flames. Everything they owned was destroyed except what they had on their backs and the few necessities they had picked up on the run.

A strange circumstance attended this wild flight into the darkness. By some unaccountable freak, their cattle followed the fleeing family, and thus the unfortunate folks were left not quite destitute.

That was a sad homecoming when the Rhodeses summoned courage to go back. What had been home, now was only a heap of smouldering ashes. They had to begin anew out of nothing but what the wilderness afforded.

Nothing daunted, they hewed themselves another cabin. For dishes they used chuckles of wood, which they had hollowed out.

You can scarcely picture life reduced to such harsh extremity. But the Rhodeses pulled through. They not only survived but they made such progress that in a short time they were well-to-do.

That speaks well for their stamina and resourcefulness. Those desirable qualities still characterize the members of the clan. The Rhodes name

connotes good citizenship.

Founder of Mennonite Church

Frederick Rhodes, Albert Kauffman's grandfather, was a Mennonite minister. He was one of the founders of the old Mennonite church which stood between Martinsburg and Millerstown.

Before the church was built he conducted services in the homes of the different members. His body lies in the Mennonite cemetery. The date of his birth which is carved on the headstone is 1799.

The original Rhodes grant contained 600 acres. It was divided among Rev. Frederick Rhodes and his brothers and sisters. Isaac resided on the present Ed Metzker farm. John, however, chose to move to Clappertown.

It comprised the land on which Fredericksburg now stands, and four or five of the surrounding farms. In fact the village of Fredericksburg was named after Preacher Frederick Rhodes.

His sisters, Mrs. John Skyles and Mrs. John Shirley were noted horsewomen. They could ride and harness any horse they ever saw.

Breaking colts was a hobby with them. They never came off second best in a contest with a fractious horse except once. One of the girls had her heel catch in the stirrup as she was thrown off her mount. She was dragged a considerable distance but suffered no permanent injury.

Besides Mrs. Andrew Kauffman, the children of Rev. Frederick Rhodes were: Samuel, John and Daniel Rhodes, Elizabeth, wife of James Camerer, and Catherine, wife of Christian Snyder.

If you have never failed you do not know the joy of true success.

We are glad to credit the other fellow with good sense if his judgment agrees with ours.

The faults that seem so obnoxious in others—are we sure we are free from them ourselves?

AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY

"He's a fine, lusty boy," exclaimed all the neighborhood women, who dropped in to see the new arrival, "What are you going to call him?"

"Well Pa and I haven't decided yet. We have Philip, John, Nicholas, Oliver and Simon. We thought we'd wait a while before we name this boy.

That was back in April, 1845. The baby was the latest addition to the family of Mr. and Mrs. George Metzler, of Harrisonville, Fulton County, Pa.

Mr. Metzler kept the Black Horse tavern. One day when the baby was two weeks old, Henry Clay, the great orator and statesman from Kentucky, stopped at the tavern for dinner.

When the distinguished visitor found out about the baby, he asked to be allowed to see it.

Father Metzler brought the child to the man, who, thrice defeated of election to the presidency, coined the famous epigram, "I'd rather be right than president." As Henry Clay cradled the squirming mite in his arms, Mr. Metzler informed him:

"We don't know what to call him, so he hasn't been named yet."

Named For Noted Man.

Mr. Clay looking down at the baby in his lap, answered, "His name is Henry Clay."

So that is how Henry Clay Metzler, Civil War veteran, who resides with Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Kochendarfer, of Fair Valley, north east of Martinsburg, received his name.

During Henry Clay Metzler's boyhood, his keen, active mind discovered the fact that his father's tavern was used as a station on the underground railroad.

At mention of the underground railroad one's imagination leaps to the throbbing, heart-rending scenes of Uncle Tom's cabin, wherein this same secret route is used to transport

various of the colored slaves, who play a leading part in the dramatic episodes in the book, to ultimate freedom across the Canadian border.

We see Eliza, with her child in her arms, escaping the pursuing blood hounds, by jumping from one floating ice cake to another as she risks the partially frozen stream which presents the last barrier to her escape into Canada.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" affected the people of the north so powerfully that it is conceded to have been one of the main causes of the Civil War. It crystallized sentiment against the institution of slavery.

The characters were fictitious. Henry Clay Metzler's recollections of the underground railroad has to do with real people. His father's coal cellar was the place of refuge of many a party of slaves, who reached that safe shelter just in the nick of time.

Slaves Were Well Hidden.

Frequently their masters rode almost on their heels. One time three of the southern slave holders rode up boldly to the Black Horse tavern and demanded of the proprietor whether he was harboring any slaves.

Mr. Metzler and three of his sons were standing on the porch. They plainly showed by their determined attitude that it wouldn't be healthy for the southerners to go too far. The Metzler clan had plenty of spunk.

One of the young men warned, "You'd better go slow; we're not in the colored business." The slave owners, wheeled their horses about and turned back towards the Maryland line.

The men, like Mr. Metzler, who helped the slaves escape, were actuated solely by sentiments of sympathy and justice. They were so thoroughly convinced that it was wrong to keep human beings in bondage, that they

backed up their conviction with their time and means and furthermore chanced the penalty of the law.

They took in the cowering fugitives, and provided for them until they could be moved to the next station. For this service to humanity they received absolutely no remuneration.

The plight of the runaways was pitiable. Beaten and cruelly used in captivity, they stole away, ragged, without food or money, solely dependent on the good hearts of the abolitionists to assist them to a life above that of a beast of burden.

They usually traveled in groups. Sometimes they consisted of families, a man, his wife and little children. Frequently the fugitives were men alone or a party of women.

Regular Stations On Route.

The underground railroad started at Hancock, Md. The fugitive slaves ferried over the Potomac river there and crossed the narrow strip of Maryland soil to the Mason and Dixon line.

George Chestnut, who lived just across the line in Pennsylvania, received them at his tavern. The next station was 'Squire Davis' place, seven miles east of Harrisonville.

Next in order was the Metzler place and six miles beyond that at Hustontown, Andrew Fisher was the agent. The next stop was at Fort Littleton, where Samuel Buckley was the operative.

From there the route went to Burnt Cabins, with Agent Dolan in charge. The next stage was over Mt. Fannetsburg into Path Valley. That is as far as Mr. Metzler's personal knowledge of the route traversed by the underground, goes.

The runaways were hauled from station to station in spring wagons under cover of darkness. All precautions had to be taken to maintain secrecy lest busy bodies would give information to the law enforcement officers.

Secret Well Guarded.

Other residents in the community may have suspected the agents of the underground, but they had nothing tangible on which to base their suspicions.

Transporters of the human cargo were not white-livered. They were the kind of men who were not afraid to send snoopers about their business in the event that some such might have become too curious about the nature of the goods that were being hauled on those night faring spring wagons.

So far as Mr. Metzler knows the underground railroad had no branches into Morrisons Cove. Although there is a belief current among some of the old time residents that it was used occasionally as a hide-away for the fugitives when the usual route fell under scrutiny that was a little too close to be comfortable.

Those were stirring times with which Mr. Metzler's early memories are concerned. They have for so long been consigned to the historical archives that it seems but little short of a miracle that we have still living in our midst one who had personal experience with them.

"Hide your horses. The rebels are coming!"

When that terrifying news came over the grape vine during the Civil War, there was a flurry of excitement in the Cove never since matched.

There was wild galloping of horses to hide-aways in mountain recesses and other shelters likely to escape detection by the sharp-eyed Johnny Rebs.

Even the old Cross Roads Church of the Brethren meeting house situate a mile and a half east of Curryville was hastily improvised as a refuge for the horses. Surely the enemy would never think to look into the sacred edifice for possible steeds.

Loysburg and McKee Gaps were hurriedly barricaded. The roads in the vicinity of the latter as Rev. Jas. A.

Sell of Hollidaysburg, so entertainingly writes about, were strewn with chicken feathers, tokens of the spoils of war which the hungry defenders had secured in raids on hen houses along the line of march.

Mothers caught up their frightened children in their arms. Men and women rushed about helter skelter to secrete loose money, bridal china and silver spoons.

With wildly beating hearts, the people from coverts of trees and shrubbery strained their eyes toward the mountain passes in momentary expectation of seeing the gray invaders.

As time passed and nothing happened, the alarm gradually subsided, and a feeling of comparative safety succeeded the stress of fear.

Rebels Turned Back.

What happened? The rebels undoubtedly were on the march with Morrisons Cove as their objective. How were they headed off?

Henry Clay Metzler, 90 year old veteran of the Civil War, knows the answers.

He declares the 4th Michigan and the 6th New York Cavalry turned the Confederates back, forcing them to turn tail and run back across the Mason and Dixon line into Maryland.

He knows whereof he speaks because the skirmish that did the trick took place in his father's corn field near Harrisonville, Fulton county.

Mr. Metzler says that by hearsay, the impression prevailed in his home stamping grounds that Morrisons Cove was a sort of rich man's paradise. Every farmer was supposed to be well-to-do.

Personal acquaintance based on thirteen years' residence has somewhat modified that idea in his mind. Nevertheless such was the opinion then extant in Fulton county.

This information had somehow seeped into the southern camp. Accordingly a troop of cavalry was dis-

patched to raid this rumored land of milk, honey and good horses.

If the Michigan and New York cavalry had not intercepted them, the way would have been open to the Cove.

Overpowered by the Union troops, the rebels beat a hasty retreat, leaving thirteen of their wounded lying on the field.

Injured Rebels Cared For.

The injured men were carried to Mr. Metzler's father's bar room where they were cared for by Mother Metzler. As the men badly needed attention, the good lady called to her neighbor across the street:

"Come over and help me dress the wounds of these poor fellows."

"They can go to the devil," was the response. "You'll never get me to do anything for any rebels."

That episode serves to illustrate, something of the bitter antagonism which existed between the north and the south.

While the war was being carried to his very door yard, Mr. Metzler was serving in the Union army with the 3rd Maryland Infantry, Co. B, 8th Army Corps, 1st Division.

The 8th Army Corps was under the command of General Lew Wallace.

Although historians concede that by winning the victory at the battle of Monocacy, General Wallace rightfully is credited with saving the capital city of Washington from capture, he is more popularly known as the author of "Ben Hur."

Mr. Metzler remembers the general as a tall, spare man, who rode his horse with erect, military carriage. He was a skillful horseman, well equipped by experience to originate the thrilling chariot race, which is a feature of the book.

On one memorable occasion, he reprimanded a member of Mr. Metzler's company, cracking down on the luckless fellow in good old, hard-boiled army fashion.

The soldier, an Englishman by the name of Charlie Shipaway, had been wounded by a piece of shell. He set up such a moaning and hollering that it attracted the general's attention.

Riding up to Captain William F. Cordiff, ranking officer of the company, he demanded:

"What's the matter with the man? Take him out. He'll demoralize the whole army."

Had Part In Many Battles.

Mr. Metzler served in the army for three years, four months and five days. He took part in many engagements, among them having been the battles of Monocacy and Gettysburg.

Stationed near Devil's Den, he was in the thick of the fight at Gettysburg. However the smoke was so dense and the din and uproar of the gun fire so deafening that he says he could not see or hear what was going on except in his immediate vicinity.

During the second day's battle he was wounded in the fleshy part of the upper left arm by a shell fragment. However that did not keep him from active duty for any length of time.

His brother-in-law, Dr. Bushey, the brigade doctor, bandaged him up and in a short time, Private Metzler was back on the front.

As a result of his army experience, he first learned to chew tobacco. Although the federal soldiers had emphatic orders not to molest private property, they sometimes got out of hand.

This was the case at Charlestown, Va., seven miles from Harpers Ferry, where they broke into a tobacco warehouse.

Tobacco Is Confiscated.

Mr. Metzler said the tobacco hung on the drying racks in hanks that looked so pretty it reminded him of the braided brown tresses of the girls the soldier boys had left behind them.

At any rate he started chewing and has been an addict to the habit ever since. He's sure it hasn't short-

ened his life at all, but he laughingly declared, it does sometimes draw down comment from his good friend and land lady, Mrs. Kochendarfer, whom he has known, he says since she was two hours old.

Mr. Metzler and his comrades had a striking demonstration of the strategy of Stonewall Jackson. They fell captive to his forces at Harpers Ferry in a masterly coup the wily general executed.

Fortunately Private Metzler was not fated to endure the hardships of Andersonville or Libbey prisons.

Instead he was sent to a detention camp at Annapolis, remaining until he was exchanged.

His memories of Annapolis are brightened by the work of mercy carried on by the Methodist Episcopal Church North. Captives of the north and south alike, under the spell of the kindly influence and ministrations of the welfare workers, forgot their bitterness in a new-born surge of brotherliness.

Church Had Wide Influence.

He declared the Methodist Episcopal church North, although unconscious of it, was the greatest single factor in preparing the way for peace.

The most memorable event of his long war experience was the surrender of General Lee. Mr. Metzler was present on that significant occasion.

Asked whether he had been an eye witness, he exclaimed:

"I should say not. That was no place for privates to be hanging around."

Nor did the end of the war heal the rancor engendered by the strife. Although reduced to the last extremity, many of the soldiers of the South yielded to defeat most unwillingly. They remained unbroken in spirit.

Lincoln's assassination, following so soon after the victory, served to foment resentment in the North. The opinion seemed to prevail that the South had deliberately planned the murder of the great-hearted states-

man, who wished them only the highest good.

The really big time for the boys in blue was the grand review of the troops at Washington just before the demobilization of the army of the Potomac.

Cheering, singing, the soldiers marched down Pennsylvania Avenue, past the reviewing stand on which were President Andrew Johnson, other high government officials and the military commanders.

Mr. Metzler said his company relieved itself of a surcharge of joyousness by giving, "the rebel yell." This was the Union battle cry of victory when the boys had the rebels on the run. He can still give it almost as vigorously as in the 60's.

Patriotism Unquestioned.

The old war time spirit bridled at a question put by the interviewer:

"Why did you volunteer?"

Looking astonished at the absurdity of any one thinking there could pos-

sibly be a motive other than patriotism, he was quick to retort:

"I loved the old flag!"

Two of his brothers, Nicholas and Simon also served in the Civil War.

Mr. Metzler is the last surviving member of his family, his next of kin being nieces and nephews. His wife, who, by the way, did not happen to be "the girl I left behind me," died thirteen years ago.

The old soldier is no pussy footer. He's an uncompromising Republican, a staunch Presbyterian and a true American, untainted by any high brow radicalism.

He speaks his views straight from the shoulder, without fear or favor.

There is no doubt as to where he stands on any moral issue. His joviality and wonderfully retentive memory make him a popular associate and a most entertaining talker. He's another grand old soldier who has Father Time licked.

THE WORLD 88 YEARS AGO

(1st INSTALLMENT)

It was the night before Christmas.

An alarming figure suddenly appeared in the Samuel McClain kitchen.

Etched by the flickering candle light, the unbidden guest was seen to have a bundle of switches in one hand and a bulging white cloth grasped together by its four corners in the other.

"Are there good children or bad children in this house?" roared the stranger, whose blackened face was shrouded by a hat pulled well down over the eyes.

"Aha! Kris Kingle," guessed the little McClains. But they remained quiet as mice for they were not too sure what the Christmas messenger would do.

Perhaps some remembrance of a reprimand for disobedience flitted through their minds. In that case, a switching would be their portion.

However if Mother answered that none but good children were present, then the goodies contained in the white sheet would be distributed.

Good Children Rewarded.

Evidently Mother McClain gave assurance that her children deserved reward because Kris Kingle scattered an offering of nuts and mint sticks on the floor before he took a hasty departure.

That incident, which made such a deep impression on the mind of Mrs. Catherine McClain Keith, 88 years old, who for nearly half a century resided in the Hickory Bottom section of Morrisons Cove, illustrates the meag-

erness of life among our rural population before the machine age accustomed them to the fancy trimmings of the present era.

Even Santa Claus had not emerged. The jolly rubicund saint, who comes down the chimney laden with such a lavish bounty of toys and with no thought of retribution in his kindly head, would have been out of place in the grim economy of those hard working days.

Mrs. Keith was born on a farm three miles from Cassville, Huntingdon county, December 12, 1845. She was the second in the family of eleven children of Samuel and Esther Barnett McClain.

World Has Changed Much.

The world into which she was born eighty-eight years ago was very different from the high powered one familiar to her latter years. As the comforting shades of twilight softly fall, she regrets the simplicity and the leisure for thinking and for doing things by hand which have been lost along the march of our rapid progress.

Her birth place was a log house built from timber cleared off her father's farm. The kitchen was a living room and workshop wherein were the crude tools by which the women of the family converted the raw materials grown on the soil into food and clothing.

On one side was a cavernous fire place containing hooks and cranes from which swung the pots and kettles and other utensils used in cooking the meals.

Hanging on a chain nailed to the wall was a fat lamp, within convenient reach when Mother wished to stir the mush or schnitz and knepp or to peer into the depths of the iron vessels to see whether the savory stews were done.

A spinning wheel, reel, doughtray and big sewing basket bore testimony to the many tasks the pioneer wo-

men were called on to perform to fill the needs of those large early American families.

Mother McClain and her daughters spun, wove, baked, sewed, knitted, churned, cooked, rocked the babies and in between times helped the men burn over the newly cleared fields.

Those new grounds, dotted with myriad stumps tenacious remains of the monarchs of the forest which fell by the ax of the woodsman, had to provide the farmer and his family with all the necessities of life. Therefore it was incumbent on them to turn everything into use. Nothing must be wasted.

Timber Was Well Used.

It is interesting to hear Mrs. Keith tell how her father and grandfather disposed of the trees they cut down to clear the land for cultivation.

The timber in that section of Huntingdon county mainly was oak. After the trees were felled, the trunks were trimmed.

Then in the month of May, the bark was peeled off in sheets and ranged in great stacks to dry in readiness for hauling to the tannery.

The peeled logs were split up into rails for the zig-zag worm fences which enclosed the fields, or else they were hewn into slabs for building purposes. The only parts that were burned were the branches and the small stuff which had to be grubbed out.

Following a lime water soaking at the tannery, to loosen the hair from the hides, the working men handling long knives, scraped off the hides with unbelievable dexterity and speed.

You're probably thinking, "And then they swept up the hair and burnt it."

Not a bit of it. The hair was carefully packed away to sell to the plasterers.

We have become so used to "patent plaster" and beaver board that we have forgotten that in granddad's day, the plasterers mixed their own,

using a liberal quantity of hair to make it stick.

Mrs. Keith knows all about the process because her husband was a plasterer by trade. But we shall take that up in its turn. Just now, we still are back in her girlhood home.

We're back to the time before Father McClain bought for his wife her first cook stove.

Provisions Were Dried.

If any one had shown a can opener to Mother McClain, or for that matter, to her daughter Catherine, they would not have known what the contraption was for, because they had no cans to open.

They provided for the winter's stock of provisions by drying every kind of fruit that grew. Berries, cherries, pears, plums, peaches, tomatoes, pumpkins, peppers, herbs were laboriously dried to tide the larder over the long months of the cold season.

The dried pieces of pumpkin and the peppers were strung on a thread and hung up where they were protected from flies and dust.

There was no lack of variety. The McClain garden was the equal of any that are cultivated today and when a change of meat was desired, father or the boys would go out and get wild game, either fowl, rabbit or deer. The odors that rose from the pots simmering in the fireplace would have tickled the palate of the epicures of any age, ancient or modern.

Another contribution made by the generosity of nature was the store of nuts yielded by the chestnut, shell bark, butter-nut, walnut and hazelnut trees and bushes which grew in great profusion among the giant oaks in the McClain woods and back fields.

Bushels of the finest kind of nuts to be had just for the gathering. That surely is one point in which the old times scored over the present.

Schools Were Crude.

The little old school house to which the juvenile Catherine McClain went

for a few months every year would look pretty crude in comparison with the well equipped consolidated buildings of today.

The youngsters nowadays would be inclined to laugh at it, but those of us who know the quality of manhood and womanhood who received their "learning" in those primitive structures, take off our hats in respect to their noble achievements.

What that log building lacked in architectural design was more than made up by the wealth of natural beauty which surrounded it. It stood at the edge of a wooded slope through which flowed tinkling brooks, clear as crystal.

There the scholars went for nuts in the fall, and there Catherine and the other girls built play houses with stones, covered with moss serving as the partitions between the rooms, and branches of evergreens and laurel decorating the door yards.

Or maybe they went for walks along the streams, arms about each other as they confided their bright, happy hopes of the future.

As a rule the boys played ball, their shouts carrying afar over the countryside. Little did any of that carefree company of school pupils foresee that several of those self-same boys would shed their life's blood on the battlefields of the Civil war.

The log school house was originally white washed inside as well as outside, directly on the mud-chinked logs. At a later period the interior walls were plastered and coated with a liberal application of whitewash.

There were two windows on either side and at the rear where the teacher's desk was stationed. A high ten plate stove stood in the center.

Wide smoothly planed poplar boards were fastened to the side walls to serve as desks for the larger pupils.

Books and ink bottles were ranked on the level top board, while another

inclined at an angle and edged with a moulding to keep slate pencils from rolling off, afforded the working space.

Seats Were Backless.

Here the boys and girls wrote, ciphered and pored over the testament, spelling book, history and geography books, as they sat on backless slab benches.

Beginners struggled with pot hooks and the a-b-abs for long months as the first steps on the tedious road to learning writing and reading.

Only the most advanced scholars studied arithmetic out of text books. The majority did not progress beyond ciphering.

Ciphering embraced the fundamentals: Sums, subtraction, division, multiplication and a smattering of fractions, dictated by the teacher, "out of his head" or from the black board.

Many of the scholars, with an aptitude for this kind of work, carefully copied their ciphering examples in booklets made out of foolscap.

Writing with goose quills, they took great pains to make the booklets as neat as possible oftentimes embellishing them with scrolls and drawings.

Nearly all of the farmers raised geese. During the season when the women of the household plucked the geese the choicest quills were saved to be used as pens.

It was nearly as essential for a teacher to demonstrate his efficiency at cutting pens as to be able to spell the prodigious jaw breakers that were the stock-in-trade of the "champeens" at the neighborhood spelling schools.

SECOND INSTALLMENT

Sucking cider through a straw, is one of those good old customs that make a bid for favor at any place or in any age.

Sweet as nectar and with the glow

of sunshine transfused into its amber depths, cider fresh from the press makes everybody from the juveniles to granddaddy smack their lips.

However, Mrs. Catherine Keith contends that cider strained through rye straw has a flavor that nothing else can equal.

She remembers her grandfather's old cider press as clearly as if she had seen it yesterday. The taste of the cider, as it came clear and sparkling through the layers of straw, even in retrospect, is a thing to enjoy.

It must sound like a joke to the present machinery-bred generation to learn that cider used to be strained through straw.

When Cider Was Handmade.

The old-fashioned hand-made and man-power cider press is just another illustration of what the ingenuity of our foreparents could achieve out of common, every day materials.

First coarsely ground between stone rollers turned by a hand crank, the apples were spread out between layers of clean rye straw, which was stacked on a wooden platform or base.

A heavy wooden press fastened to a great wooden beam and which turned on a wooden screw, was worked down by either man or horse power until the pressure squeezed the cider out into a vat.

Some of the "pommies," put in half hogsheads, were covered with water and left stand to form "weak" vinegar.

Each man, who brought apples to be ground, was required to take the pomace home. Otherwise it would have been collected mountain high at the press and would have reeked to the sky. The farmers utilized it as hog feed.

Next to sweet cider, the most popular beverage Mrs. Keith can bring to mind out of the remote past, is sassafras tea, sweetened with maple sugar water.

Along with all the other bounties contributed by nature, Father McClain had sassafras and sugar trees.

Chestnuts, shell barks, hickory nuts, butternuts, hazelnuts, walnuts, berries, wild plums, sugar and sassafras trees, all on his own farm just for the gathering, gives us moderns an insight into the extent of our loss, when the axmen felled the groves.

Another high spot in the life of the McClain family was the toot, toot of the tin horn of the mail man.

Every Thursday Isaac Ashcom, who had a crippled arm rode out from Three Springs on a horse that had a crippled neck.

As he approached the McClain house, he blew on a tin horn to summon the youngsters or some other member of the family to come out to get the Huntingdon Press and what ever other mail he might have had in his saddle bags directed to them.

One mail a week now would be considered a peddling of stale news. In those days, however, the craze to get the latest scandal and world's events hot off the press had not spread its contagion in the land.

One is moved to admiration at what the old-timers could accomplish with the materials nature provided, plus an inquiring mind and persevering hands.

The old-fashioned bake-ovens were an example of what those pioneer artisans could do. The top of the bake oven was arched.

With the exception of the Eskimos, the principle of the arch stumped the ingenuity of primitive people. Even the enlightened Greeks failed to work out this problem.

How Ovens Were Built.

Not so our early Americans. Mrs. Keith well remembers the set up necessary. The builder merely piled sticks of wood into the desired shape, filling the interstices with straw. Over this

he laid the bricks joining them with mortar.

When the mortar was dry, he removed the wood and behold a bake oven ready for the batches of wheat and rye bread, pies, corn pone and ginger bread which were a regular standby on the colonial menus.

During Mrs. Keith's girlhood, her family progressed from the log cabin to a big frame house, from the sooty fire place to their first Franklin cook stove and from candles and fat lamps to coal oil lamps.

They were quick to discard the old for the new that proved to be better.

Not until after her marriage, however, did she lay aside the needle for the rapid-fire stitching of the sewing machine.

Neither did she give up the spinning wheel and dye pot until the factory-made articles could be had at a price that simply shouldered the hand made cloths out of rural homes.

Madder root, rock indigo, copperas, dye-woods and hickory bark were the standard dye materials familiar to Mrs. Keith's childhood. She still maintains the colors she and her mother could blend were just as pretty, although not as varied, as our coal-tar hues.

When The Buggy Was New.

The step from Dearborn wagon to Father McClain's first buggy, with its gaily painted yellow wheels, was one of life's great moments for his children.

Yet his daughter Catherine has lived to ride in automobiles capable of traveling at seventy miles an hour while air planes wing their way in the sky lanes at a speed of one hundred and twenty-five.

Along with the little old school house, the community in which Mrs. Keith was born, demanded a house of worship. Education, religion, moral instruction and patriotism, were responsibilities parents owed their children as a "bounden duty."

Hence Mr. McClain, Benjamin Fink, Maurice Green and others banded together and built the Cornelius Methodist Episcopal chapel, between Cassville and Saltillo, which is still being used.

Mrs. Keith's people, both on her own and her husband's side of the house come pretty close to being the first Pennsylvanians. They have lived so long in Huntingdon county and in the Broad Top section that she does not even know in what European country they originated. She takes it for granted that they are of Scotch-Irish descent.

A six-hour day in Mrs. Keith's home would have been of about as much use as a balky, blind mule.

Leisure Almost Unknown.

She observed but two shifts. Sixteen hours for working and eight for sleep. When you turned flax and wool into linen and winter flannels for the family and wheat and buckwheat into bread and flap jacks with your own hands there wasn't much time left for you to figure out a way to prevent it from dragging too slowly.

Yet, she declares, in spite of all the long, hard work which kept the people's noses to the grindstone, there was not the confusion that prevails today. No scurrying around trying to make recreation or pastime the chief business of life.

There were few, if any, commercial amusements. She never saw any one dance until she was fifty years old. As for cards she has not the slightest idea how to manipulate them.

The big annual event in her girlhood was the Sunday school picnic held every Fourth of July. In addition, there were apple snitzings, corn huskings and occasionally a magic lantern show.

Of course, prior to the Civil war, Father McClain donned his blue uniform and red plumed hat and rode to "battalion" every summer.

Prominent Military Event.

This was a military drill which gave its members training to defend the constitution and the American form of government in which the people of that day believed as firmly as they did in the Bible.

The muster of the battalion at Mapleton brought the people together for miles around. It was a festival time similar to a long drawn out farmers' picnic, enlivened by music, speeches, drills and contests of strength.

The last year or two that Catherine McClain went to school, her teacher was Samuel John Keith, of Broad Top.

It was probably known to the older scholars that teacher was Catherine's beau.

Did that fact lead him to show any partiality towards his "girl" while in the school room?

"No, indeed," exclaimed Mrs. Keith, "I wouldn't have wanted him if he had." So Catherine abided by the rules laid down without any special favors being shown her.

Pupil Marries Teacher.

Catherine McClain and Samuel John Keith were married at her home on January 16, 1866, by the Reverend John Guss.

The bride wore a brown woolen twilled dress. She had sent to Philadelphia for the material. It was made with a tight basque trimmed in fancy buttons, and with full skirt and sleeves.

Following a turkey dinner, the newlyweds sleighed over to New Granada where the young bride met her parents-in-law for the first time at the "infare" or reception they gave in honor of the bridal couple.

Mr. Keith followed the trade of plastering during warm weather and taught school during the winter.

He and his bride went to house-keeping on March 20, 1866 at Eagle Foundry where they continued to live for seventeen years.

From there they moved to the farm on Hickory Bottom, which they purchased and where they lived until Mr. Keith's death on August 30, 1910. Since then she has been living around with her sons.

She had seven of them, viz: Elmer Ellsworth of Roaring Spring; Samuel Henry Sylvester, Altoona; Isaac Newton, Curryville; George Allison, Llys-wen; Harry, deceased in infancy; John Wesley, Hickory Bottom and Charles Cleveland, Altoona.

Has Fine Sense of Humor.

Nothing delights these boys of hers more than to joke with Mother. She always flashes back with such an apt answer.

Indeed it is to be suspected that the droll wit and love of fun which is characteristic of the Keith boys has in large measure been bequeathed to them by this bright-eyed little old

lady who so successfully keeps old age at bay.

She surely demonstrates that hard work does not shorten life. She explains that the "back is fitted to its burdens."

We would add that a serene spirit and rigid adherence to the moral up-bringing she had also are important factors in lengthening her years.

Of her ten brothers and sisters, but two are living: Mrs. Ida Shaver, aged 68, of East Liberty, Ohio, and David E. McClain, of Columbus, Ohio.

The dead are: Oliver W. McClain, late of Wauseon, Ohio; Mary Ellen Crotsley, late of Saltillo; James Allison McClain, late of Curryville; Isaac Newton McClain, late of Mt. Union; John Wesley McClain and Sarah Ann, late of Trough Creek Valley; Amanda Belle Houck, late of Wauseon, Ohio, and an infant sister.

THE TERRORS OF WAR DAYS

A company of riders was seen approaching afar off. Topping the crest of the hill as they passed the Cross Roads Church, they looked like soldiers. The sun glinted on the brass buttons of their uniforms. Yes, they were soldiers.

The ever present fear of invasion, which had laid its chill dread on the hearts of the citizens of Morrisons Cove in the year 1863, was about to be realized.

The Henry Shoeman family huddled together, not knowing what to expect from the visitation of the rebels. Fire, destruction and murder; their home and their lives were at the mercy of the enemy.

Mr. Shoeman stood guard with a shotgun. At least he would not submit without a struggle. He would protect his family as best he could. Following his father's example, seven

year old Johnnie grasped a butcher knife and manfully took a position by the elder man's side.

Defenders Bring Relief.

As the cavalcade came closer, Mr. Shoeman saw that they were Union men. They were defenders instead of foes.

When they came to the Shoeman home, they dismounted and asked for water to quench their thirst. Seeing little John still brandishing his butcher knife, one of the men patted him on the head, saying, "You are a brave soldier, my lad. Your country needs boys like you."

This incident of Civil War days often is told by Mrs. Mary Kauffman, of Martinsburg. She was one of the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Shoeman, who lived on the top of Shoeman's hill along what used to be called the Broad Top road, now the

township road leading to Henrietta, the home site being about a mile east of Curryville. It is now the property of Mrs. Nora Honsacker.

John Shoeman, who spent his adult years in Iowa, where he founded a comfortable home, died a couple of years ago.

At the time of the episode just related Mrs. Kauffman was a girl of ten. No one can understand the terror inspired by a looked-for invasion by an enemy army except those who have lived on the border of war swept territory.

Only a few survivors are left of those who have any personal recollection of the Civil War, but the anxiety and horror of that period remains fresh in their minds.

Fears Were Like Nightmares.

Mrs. Etta McClain, of Curryville, also has memories of the Civil War that even after the intervention of all these years have something of the tang of a nightmare.

Mrs. McClain was born and raised in Trough Creek Valley in Huntingdon county, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Fink. She was one of five children all of whom were small, yet old enough to feel the crushing weight of that terrible thing their parents spoke of as "The War." and which constantly menaced their home.

On this particular day, her father had gone away from home on a business trip which would take the entire day. He had been gone only a short time when a neighbor arrived post haste bearing the news that the rebels were coming.

Mrs. Fink gathered her little flock together and hid them in a brushy thicket in a hollow in the woods a half mile or so distant from the house.

"Now stay hid and don't you dare make any noise," she cautioned her scared young brood.

Hardly Dared to Breathe.

They stayed there for hours almost afraid to breathe. From time to time the mother stole up to the top of the knoll to reconnoitre.

Each time she left the children she bade them to remain where they were. She need not have worried for they would not have left their place of concealment under any circumstances short of being dragged out.

Towards evening from her look-out, Mrs. Fink saw the soldiers march into view. A great company of them were swinging along on the road to Mapleton. They were afar off, but not so far that the anxious woman could make out that they wore blue uniforms instead of grey.

A man, who also had been on the watch throughout the day, rode by to tell her the glad news that the invaders were Federal men on their way to join the main body of the army in the South.

The relief of the five little children can be more easily imagined than described. Needless to say they had a lot of thrilling things to tell Father Fink when he arrived home that night.

Sometimes what we try to think is God's plan for our lives is only His remedy to bring us back into His plan.

You can be a success without ever accomplishing the big things you set out to do.

I think heaven must be a progressive state because most of the lessons we learn too late to do us much good in this life.

True faith is more than the silly optimism that shuts its eyes to realities and says, "All is well."

The easiest way is seldom the best way.

MARTINSBURG G. A. R. POST

The Civil War has receded so far from the present day stage of events that the people of Martinsburg have nearly forgotten that a G. A. R. post had once flourished in its midst.

It was known as the Peter Shoeman Post No. 574. It was named in honor of Peter Shoeman, young member of a well known Morrisons Cove family, the circumstances of whose death on the battle field, caused a deep wave of sympathy.

While engaged in carrying water to his comrades on the firing line, the young soldier was shot in the breast. During the shifting about that followed the stress of the fighting, the wounded man was cut off from his company.

His body was found three days later. A gaping hole had been torn in his body by a fragment of a shell.

How long he lived afterward no one knew, but the poor fellow had tried to stop the gush of blood by stuffing the wound with bunches of grass. Not a soul was at hand to minister to his suffering.

David Shoeman, a brother of Peter, who also saw extensive service in the war, had the good fortune to return home alive. After his marriage, he established his home in Roaring Spring where he raised a large family. David Shoeman was one of the charter members of the Martinsburg post.

G. A. R. Post Organized.

The post was organized in 1888 with sixteen charter members. It met in the I.O.O.F. hall until death decimated its numbers to the point that it became too feeble, as well as financially unable to carry on the burden of maintaining a meeting place.

'Squire John H. Nicodemus, another member, offered his office for the purpose. During its later years the

regular meetings were held in the 'squire's office until not a sufficient number survived to fill the stations.

However, for old times sake and the allure of comradeship, they continued to meet together until only three were left.

Now, the old squire is the last survivor. The last meeting was held about twenty years ago.

Formerly, the post made a brave show on Decoration days as they marched to the cemeteries to pay their respects to the comrades that had gone before.

The late Reverend William Spanogle, pastor of the First Brethren church of Martinsburg, was the chaplain.

William Chaplain, whom the adult residents of the Cove will remember as a skillful barber and jolly, good fellow, was one of the charter members.

Brother Was Artist.

Mr. Chaplin had a brother, Clyde Chaplin, who was an artist of no mean ability. Not satisfied to remain long in any one place, the latter was an itinerant, accepting commissions wherever they were offered.

Mr. William Chaplin had his brother decroate the post flag. He painted an appropriate design on white silk.

It was a beautiful emblem of which the post was justly proud. So long as William lived, he took great care of the flag.

The material being perishable, time deteriorated it, and it too has crumbled into dust.

Undoubtedly the adjutant's record of the meetings of the post would contain much data of historic interest to Cove residents, but they can not be located. 'Squire Nicodemus was not the custodian, therefore he has no knowledge of what became of them.

He, however, is in possession of

one important memento, which he prizes highly, and which is in as good state of preservation as the natural deterioration of time permits.

Post Charter Is Prized

This is the charter of the post. Framed, it hangs on the wall of his office, where it is accorded the tender care the other keepsakes in that room receive from the aged owner.

Following is a reproduction of the charter:

Grand Army of the Republic
To all unto whom these presents come, Greeting:

Know Ye, That reposing full trust and confidence in the fidelity and patriotism of Comrades Levi W. Port, Christian Bowers, James Snyder, Jno. M. Bateman, James S. Brantner, Jacob M. Smith, W. L. Spanogle, David Shoeman, Daniel Fix, David S. Bloom, Geo. Emigh, Jr., William Roberts, J. C. Kochenderfer, Geo. T. Vallance, Wm. Chaplin, Jacob L. Keagy.

I do hereby in conformity with the Rules and Regulations of the Grand Army of the Republic and by virtue of the power and authority in me vested, constitute them and their associates and successors, a Post of the Grand Army of the Republic to be known as Peter Shoeman Post No. 574 of Martinsburg, Department of Pennsylvania.

And I authorize and empower them to perform all acts necessary to conduct said organization, in accordance with the Rules and Regulations of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Dated at the Head Quarters of the Department of Pennsylvania of the Grand Army of the Republic at Philadelphia on the 18th day of May in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty-eight and of our Independence the One hundredth and twelfth. Frank J. Magee
Dept. Com. Thos. J. Stewart, Asst. Adj. Gen.

Reference to the charter will disclose that there were sixteen charter members. The total membership was twenty-five, the following having been taken in subsequent to the granting of the charter: John H. Nicodemus, Robt. Taylor, Benjamin F. Wolfkill, Geo. S. Gruber, Josiah C. Sanders, John L. May, Anthony Tetwiler, James A. Yingling and George H. Rhodes.

TRUST

By F. C. DODSON

Written for The Herald

Yes, the roses shed their fragrance,
And they neither know nor care
If a king or pauper breathes it,
In the scented balmy air;
Theirs to give and not to worry
What results the act may bring,
Theirs to scatter joy and beauty,
Help to make the sad hearts sing.

And the song birds do not wonder
Whether people like their song;
They just send their message outward,
And the breezes waft along
To a palace or a cottage
Notes of love and peace and cheer,
'Til a rainbow soon is shining
Where before 'twas cold and drear.

There is nothing I can tell you
That will ease your weary hour,
Like the heeding of the lesson
By the bird and tree and flower.
Just go on and do your duty,
Cheering those whose faith is dim,
And your life will bear good fruitage,
Naught is lost that's done for Him.

Make whatever sacrifice may be necessary in order to retain your health and faith.

The second step of faith will not be shown until the first is taken.

NEVER RETURNS FROM THE U. S.

A visit that has lasted sixty-four years!

Anyone would have to admit that is a good, long time. Verily it qualifies to be the Methuselah among visits.

That is the length of time Henry Liebegott, of Martinsburg, has been a resident of the United States. He started over here to visit his brother, George Liebegott. At least that was the pretext by which he got leave of the military authorities to depart from his native village of Bergheim, in Hesse-Darmstadt, Germany.

George Liebegott, in company with two of his young pals, August Yingling and George Koenig, emigrated to the United States three years before or in 1867.

The day the three young men left to undertake the long voyage to the land that lay beyond the western horizon, the entire population of Bergheim turned out to raise a lamentation.

Mr. Henry Liebegott declares he never saw, before or since, such evidence of community protest. The townspeople drew visages as long as if the young men had died. Women wept. The men, wagging their heads in time to the mournful cadences of their speech, exclaimed, "Ay, ay, ay, das ist schamlich!"

They assembled at the homes of the travelers to expostulate with the parents:

"You might as well bury your sons," said they. "You'll never lay eyes on them again. Little do you know what sorrow and hardships may befall them in that wild, uncouth, far off land. Bid them stay here where they belong."

Henry had no desire whatever to follow his brother until one day in the autumn of 1869, the notion struck him suddenly as he was plowing with the team of oxen in his father's field.

In an instant, the thought gripped him, "I'm going to America. There I can work myself into a farm of many acres. That's the life for me. They're not going to turn me into

a cabinet maker. I'll never be satisfied to do anything but farm, and I'm going to farm with horses over there."

Makes Firm Decision.

From that time on his mind was made up, but he kept his aspirations to himself. In the first place, he meant to leave secretly in order to avoid the big "fuss" he knew the neighbors would make. Then, too, there was the military law to reckon with.

In line with Chancellor Bismarck's policy to make Germany a world power by forcing the confederation of free states to submit to Prussian rule, it was compulsory for every able-bodied young man to enter military training for a term of three years.

Henry, who was born in the free state of Hesse on November 16, 1851, had almost arrived at military age. He shared with many of the other citizens of the German republics, a just resentment against the harsh military discipline which the Kaiser, abetted by the iron Chancellor, imposed on his subjects.

War with France was looming. In fact, it broke out a few months after the date of Henry's departure in May of 1870. Therefore the only way he could leave the country at all was by permission granted to make a visit to his brother.

Another young townsman, taking a notion as suddenly as Henry, joined the latter on the trip to America.

All went well until after the steamer had pulled out of Northampton, England. Henry got sea sick, and sea sick he remained throughout the voyage. Never having been ill in his life before, he suffered untold torture. He's sure he would have died, if it had not been for the ministrations of his traveling companion on whom the unquiet Atlantic ocean had no adverse effect at all.

That spell of sea sickness is the chief reason why Mr. Liebegott never went back to the Vaterland to visit former friends and well-loved haunts.

He had only one tussle with homesickness. That was almost as bad as seasickness although it did not last so long. Perhaps his hard work to make a living and to learn the unfamiliar English language kept him too busily employed to permit the straying of his thoughts too longingly to lovely Bergheim.

In this particular instance, Mr. Liebegott, who was huckstering over the Clover Creek route for his employer, Peter Yingling of East Sharpsburg, took the latter's ten year old son, Calvin, with him on the wagon.

As was his custom, Mr. Liebegott put up for the night at Shelleytown. This was Master Calvin's first night away from Mother and Dad. He got homesick right off the reel.

Tears and sobbing ensued. The boy cried until it seemed as if he would wash himself away in tears. He kept wailing, "I wanna go home. I wanna go home," until Henry Liebegott wanted to go home too. Never had home seemed so far away.

First Homesickness.

His homesick mind envisioned dear old Bergheim snuggled in tented trees, and girdled by the verdured shoulders of the mountains.

He could hear the murmurous lapping song of the River Main as it flowed by the town. Fragrance of the apple and cherry trees which lined the streets and continued along the highways for miles into the countryside, tantalized his nostrils with well-remembered delights of blossom time and fruitage.

What memories tugged at his heart strings, as he thought of the Lutheran church. It was a large, stately edifice built of brick. To it the entire village repaired for worship, since they all were of the same faith.

Scenes and incidents marched in review. The contrast between his old home and the new, made him feel like a lost wanderer in a strange land.

Once again he saw his father's cabinet and undertaker's shop. His memory dwelt upon the broad highway which led out from the town. It was built of stone, piked and hammered

until it presented a surface hard as concrete.

It was laid out in three passageways. The middle one was for vehicles. On either side was a four feet wide track, the one being reserved for pedestrians and the other for horse back riders.

Thus the right of way of the walkers was safe guarded. Men, women and children could saunter along without fear of molestation. What a popular resort for strolling lovers those protected footpaths must have been.

Cows were frequently used to draw wagons and plow. You can imagine what a sensation it would make in the Cove if a farmer were to hitch up his cows to do his hauling.

That was a common sight in Bergheim. Those thrifty burghers did not allow anything to go to waste, not even the motive power which was made possible by the bulk and strength of their cattle.

But do not get the idea that Bossy and Daisy were abused. Far from it. They were fed three times a day, kept in a stable as clean as a parlor and curried until their coats shone.

They drank water out of stone troughs which were kept as clean as a dinner plate. A quarry of soft stone supplied the materials in such quantities that stone was used for every conceivable purpose.

The roads were built of stone, the sidewalks were laid with flag stones. Spaces in the walls and underneath the cattle troughs were built up so that they left room for the rabbits to house in.

Recalls Old Scenes.

To this day, every time Mr. Liebegott walks over the flag stones in front of the Lutheran church in Martinsburg, he thinks of the streets of Bergheim. But they do not call up pangs of homesickness. For after that one attack of the malady, Mr. Liebegott never experienced a recurrence.

In a short time, he adjusted himself so well to America and the American habits of life, that it drew his constant attachment. America is

his well-loved home. Germany is only a boyhood memory.

Yet he likes to draw comparisons between this country and the land of his birth, rather by way of amusing himself.

For instance, our method of conducting a funeral is just the opposite to the customs followed by the people of Bergheim. They buried the remains before the funeral sermon was preached.

The casket, placed on a litter or bier, was borne on the shoulders of the pall bearers to the cemetery. The procession of mourners followed on foot. After the burial, the company proceeded to the church where the minister delivered the funeral sermon.

It wasn't all work and no play in Germany. Each village, at stated times, held a kermess. That was a gala time, a general, free for all frolic, a festival of merry making. The band went to the biggest hotel and tuned up the music.

The young folks, and many not so young, danced, sang, feasted and courted. The big bugs kept their own high jinks separate from the common folks, but the whole town joined in the festivities.

Young Henry turned all the girls down when they tried to coax him out on the floor to dance. He never took any pleasure in dancing himself, but he had plenty of fun on the side lines.

A farmer in Germany had to be able to plow a very straight furrow. There were no fences at all. The boundaries of the farms were marked only by corner stones or posts. Each land owner had to be able to draw a furrow so straight that it couldn't wobble over on to his neighbor's land.

It's no wonder that Henry Liebegott, one time expert Morrisons Cove farmer, regards the German way of doing it, as rather queer.

As everyone knows Monday is wash day; Tuesday, ironing; Wednesday, general house work; Thursday, mending and well Henry Liebegott knew that Friday is bake day.

Starts Toward Prosperity.

Now, why should this hard-working farm hand concern himself about bake day?

Well, that's quite a story. The German emigrant boy had a long way to go before he attained the goal of his ambition. He had not spent 110 gulden (\$66) for passage across the Atlantic in order to continue as a farm hand for the rest of his life.

When he broke the home ties to go to America, he had no large amount of personal belongings, but he brought with him the recipe for success.

No, No! This was no magic formula to make a fortune. It consisted merely of a great capacity for hard work and native integrity. Henry's associates in the new land soon found out that his word was as good as his bond. In addition, he was able to use his head.

Hence, he saw in the family dough-tray, so to speak, a chance to make some money.

Bearing in mind that Mr. Liebegott landed here in 1870, customs were quite different than they are today.

At the time, Mr. Liebegott was working for Peter Yingling, late of East Sharpsburg, who operated a grist mill. In those days every house wife did her own baking. On Fridays, she baked a batch of bread, pies, cookies and maybe a loaf cake in the out-doors brick bake oven, which was a necessary adjunct of nearly every home.

Almost everyone living in town kept a cow, chickens, hogs and a horse and carriage. Warned by their wives that the flour bin was running low, the men hitched up the family nag to the spring wagon and went out among the farmers to buy a few bushels of wheat which they took to the mill to be ground into flour for bread and bran and middlings for the live stock.

Millers Took Toll

The millers took a certain percentage of the grain for toll. In turn, they were obliged to peddle the grain and chop which they thus accumulated

to Hollidaysburg or Altoona to realize the cash.

Young Henry Liebegott helped Mr. Yingling haul the mill stuff to these towns. On one memorable occasion they failed to dispose of a single sack of their product, although they had canvassed Hollidaysburg for hours.

"Look here," suggested the young man to his employer, "Why don't you grind this grain into flour and let me sell it in Altoona."

"Ach, what nonsense. Why, you know very well that every household-er in Altoona buys the wheat and has it ground himself. I'll guarantee you wouldn't find sale for a single hundred weight of flour. "Forget it."

But Henry continued the argument until eventually he prevailed upon Mr. Yingling to give the idea a try-out.

It worked like a charm. In no time at all Mr. Liebegott had quite a trade in the East Side German section of Altoona. The women bought flour for their baking while the men purchased feed for their horses, hogs and cows. Now you see why Mr. Liebegott was interested in baking day. He had to hustle to deliver the flour before Friday.

Some of his customers owned a dairy herd, which they pastured in summertime on the commons close to Mudtown. Their only stipulation was that Mr. Liebegott had to make his deliveries regularly.

Starts Independent Business.

It wasn't long until he decided to go into business for himself. With this end in view, he laid the proposition before Mr. Yingling that the latter should do the grinding, but Mr. Liebegott would sell the flour and shorts on his own hook. At first the miller demurred, fearing that the energetic delivery man would infringe on the trade that he had established for his employer.

Assured that Mr. Liebegott would find new customers, Mr. Yingling consented. Starting with a one-horse wagon, he soon branched out until he required a two-horse outfit. Business was brisk and all sales were for

cash or on promise to pay in thirty days. No checks were used.

The Altoona workmen received their pay once a month, hence they settled their bills every thirty days. Mr. Liebegott rarely, or never, had any trouble to collect.

In the meantime his parents and his sister, Catherine and his brother Christian came to this country. They located on the Simon Yingling place near East Sharpsburg. After a few years they moved to Martinsburg. The elder Mr. Liebegott procured lumber from Johann Yingling, who owned the Ormsby farms on Piney Creek. He built the present Mrs. H. D. Paul house on North Market street, where he set up a furniture and undertaking establishment.

Henry Liebegott, as is the way with most young men, took a notion to get married. His bride was Miss Hannah Yingling, daughter of John and Mary Ann Yingling, of near East Sharpsburg. The wedding ceremony was performed on Easter Sunday, April 13, 1873, in the Eighth Avenue German Lutheran church, Altoona.

They have lived together, sharing toil, sorrow and happiness, for a period of sixty-one years. Moored in the safe harbor of financial independence, their old age is blessed with peace and contentment. Vigorous physically and mentally alert, Mr. Liebegott seems far younger than his years. Except that she is crippled from a fall on the ice sustained a couple of years ago, his wife would vanquish time as triumphantly.

Operates Threshing Outfit

Following his marriage, Mr. Liebegott ran a threshing outfit for a number of years. At first he was in partnership with Enoch Harpster, but later he bought his own machine which was operated with a steam engine. His route was in Canoe Valley, east of Hollidaysburg.

He had worked up a large trade and made good at it, too, but nothing would satisfy him but farming. That was the occupation he really enjoyed.

He made good at anything he undertook, but no other line appealed to him so much.

Successively he farmed the Lehman farm at Peck Station, the Ashcom farm at Martinsburg, and the "Big Barn", Hagey Estate farm at Henrietta. He bought the Anderson farm, two miles south of Curryville and after continuing there for four years, he sold it and bought the farm now owned by John Sollenberger immediately east of Martinsburg. For a period of four years, he was superintendent of the John Lloyd farm at Spring Meadow.

Retiring in 1915, he moved to his present beautiful home on Christian street, the former Mateer property. His fellow townsmen, demanding his services for the public welfare, elected him water superintendent and later, street commissioner. In this capacity he demonstrated for many years the efficiency for which he is noted.

While a tenant on the farm at Peck Station, Mr. Liebegott was one of the first farmers to ship milk to Altoona. In its infancy, there was no middle man or distributor in the milk industry. Milk was shipped straight from the farm to the consumer.

Milk Shipped in Gallon Pails.

Mr. Liebegott's customers, who lived in Altoona, provided gallon buckets fitted with tight lids, similar to molasses pails. Every afternoon the complement of buckets was put on the 4 o'clock train and sent to the Altoona station, where some member of the family to whom it was consigned, came for it.

Later the Altoona milk dealers, instituting door-to-door deliveries, put an end to the farmer-consumer trade. Thereafter they assumed a monopoly of the distribution, signing up the Cove producers to ship the commodity to them in six-gallon cans.

Finding it pretty much of a strain to lift the heavy cans from the ground to the baggage car, Mr. Liebegott hit on the idea of putting up a stand at a height level with the floor of the car.

"No, no, we can't have that," objected John Dent, conductor of the train, "It would obstruct the engineer's view of the track and first

thing we'd know, there would be a wreck or something."

Mr. Liebegott, however, built the platform. In all probability that was the first milk stand along the Morrisons Cove Branch railroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Liebegott did the milking. They never missed a shipment but once. While they were at the barn milking, their little daughter Flora ran from the house screaming that her little brother Irvin was on fire.

Missed Train To Save Child

The child's clothing had become ignited somehow from the kitchen stove. While he was severely burnt, he recovered, and grew to manhood.

There was another experience which caused Mr. Liebegott alarm. That was the time his threshing machine exploded. It was only the second time the machine had been used.

They were threshing on the Henry Harpster farm in Canoe Valley. Suddenly the whole thing flew to pieces. A ring in the cylinder had broken which smashed the machine as if a thunder bolt had struck it.

Warned by the crash, the crew dived for cover into the straw, but no body was hurt.

Mr. and Mrs. Liebegott are the parents of nine children, Harry, Irvin and Nettie are dead. The living are: Elmer, foreman of the 12th street railway shop in Altoona; Flora, at home; John W. of Pittsburgh, treasurer of the Manufacturers Light and Heat Co.; Minnie, wife of G. Roy Geist, of Harrisburg; Mrs. Mary Tussey, matron of the Concordian Children's home, near Butler, Pa., and Mrs. Emma Lamott, of Philadelphia, a nurse.

Mr. Liebegott has been a life-long member of the Lutheran church. As an immigrant, he represented that fine German strain which has been one of the chief factors in achieving the greatness to which America has attained.

He is a thorough-going American. His adjustments to the land of his

adoption are in every way so complete that one can scarcely detect a trace in his speech that English is not his mother-tongue.

He is an asset to his church, the community and the state. In all his endeavors, his wife has been a worthy help mate.

FINDS IDLENESS BURDENSOME

Since this sketch was written by Miss Snowberger, Mrs. Lehman has passed away, her death occurring on Oct. 10, 1934, at the age of eighty-two years.—Editor.

Hands so habituated to accustomed tasks and instinct with vitality that they rebel against idleness, is a problem with Mrs. Louisa Lehman, of Martinsburg.

Just the other day when she called on her old friend of sixty years standing, Mrs. Mary Anne Thatcher Miller, she remarked, "If only our hands would be content to stay folded, wouldn't we be happy?"

But that eighty-two year old pair of hands has the urge to keep on working. That is the only drawback Mrs. Lehman experiences in growing old. Her sight and hearing are normal, her mental capacity unimpaired and her zest in living still acute. She fully appreciates these blessings, but enforced inactivity is pretty hard to endure.

You see she is a graduate from the school of hard knocks, which knew no child labor limitation laws. The third in the family of thirteen children of Mr and Mrs. John Straesser of Martinsburg, Mrs. Lehman started on her apprenticeship in the art of house-keeping as soon as she was able to toddle about and mind the succession of babies which kept the old cradle continuously occupied.

Well she remembers the usual scene during winter evenings after the supper dishes had been put away. Mother sat at a corner of the big kitchen table, overwhipping, with quick practiced stitches, the long seams in a heavy chafftick.

Learned Early To Work

At her side was little Louisa busily darning the woolen stockings Mother had knitted. On the other side of the little girl, sat her oldest sister, Mary Ellen (now Mrs. Shellenberger of Hollidaysburg), the family seamstress.

A fat lamp in the middle of the table furnished the illumination. When one of the sewers complained of the light growing dim, that one sitting nearest the light seized the snuffers lying on the tray of the lamp, and nipped the charred end off the wick.

The cloth from which Mary Ellen fashioned the girls' dresses was woven by Grandfather Christian Smaltz. Flannel and lindsey, it displayed a pretty pattern of narrow red and tan stripes or plaids.

In the room in the Straesser home on Locust Street, Martinsburg, which Father Straesser used as his shop, he worked from early morning until bedtime, making and mending shoes. For everyday wear he made each member of the family a pair of stout calfskin shoes. The girls' Sunday shoes were of fine soft Morocco. Arrayed in their lindsey frocks and their Morocco foot gear, they had a right to feel quite dressed up as they trooped off to Sunday morning preaching service or the mid-week prayer meeting.

Boys Assisted Father

Evenings, while the "women folks" worked at their sewing, the boys joined their father in the shop. Here they did their lessons, cut shoe laces, or essayed some rudimentary attempts at half-soling or patching their own boots.

Thus you see the Straesser home was a work shop. Everything the family wore, used or ate, with the

exception of sugar and coffee, was manufactured by their own hands. The parents trained their children by the powerful incentives of example and imitation, as well as by precept. From babyhood they schooled them in the elements of self-support and self-sustenance.

The children were taught the dignity of labor. Work was not looked upon as a necessary evil, but as a yard-stick by which one's worth in the community was measured.

The young man whose fancy turned towards the bonds of matrimony had no need of uneasiness for fear that his wife-to-be might not know enough about cooking to boil water. Her mother had seen to it that the bride's first breakfast in her own home, as well as all the other meals to be served, would keep the way to his heart well paved.

Mrs. Lehman's parents both came from Germany. Her father was 18 years old when he came across the ocean and her mother was 11. The families had been somewhat acquainted in their native Hesse, but they did not make the crossing together.

Her mother's first impression of the new country was that America was a land of sour apples. They had had a trying voyage across the Atlantic. For six weeks they sailed westward beset by the strong prevailing westerly winds.

To the children's anxious inquiry, "Sind sie bold hier?" the parents gave assurance that "It won't be long now". Then another storm would rise and drive the sailing vessel farther back. And so it went, alternately forward and backward, until finally the wind-tossed ship landed safe in New York harbor.

The tedium of the long journey over, the first thing Father Smaltz did was to play a little joke. He bought some tomatoes, the sourest and tarest he could find. These he gave to the children, explaining that they were American apples. After biting into them, the children cried bitterly. They begged to be taken back to Germany, declaring they had

no stomach for a land that grew such sour apples.

Loved Flowers of German Home

Gross Dauddy Straesser back in Germany was a florist. He transmitted to his son John an absorbing love of flowers. While on the whole, the latter was contented in America, he never lost his warm affection for the land of his birth.

His memory was constantly intrigued with the wall flowers that clustered about his childhood home. Above all else, he longed to smell their fragrance. In order to gratify this desire he sent to Philadelphia for seeds of the identical flowers with which he was familiar in the Vaterland.

When they boomed and spilled their sweet scent about his own doorway, it seemed to him that he inhaled that which made an enduring link with his far-off old home.

Mother Straesser had but little time to think of Germany while she was rearing her large family. But after the children were grown and old age slowed up her energies, she yearned for the scenes of her early years.

Her nostalgia brought to her mind such vivid pictures of the well-loved haunts of her youth, that she often said that if she could return to Strassburg just once on a visit, she felt confident that she could find without the least hesitation every spot with which she had been familiar.

Sees But One Ghost

Reminiscent of the folk-lore of her native land, she had a store of fearsome spook stories with which she regaled the family circle. She told of bloody crimes and buried treasure which had been revealed by vaporous specters whose wailing cries and eery rappings on wall or floor, filled the unhappy victims of these spirit visitations with sheerest terror. She, however, had seen a ghost but once.

Before her marriage, Mrs. Straesser had worked for "Jake Carper's" of Woodbury. One night as she and the Carper girls were coming home from church, they beheld an apparition in flowing white, stand squarely

in their path. Scared out of their wits, the girls screamed and ran for home as hard as they could. They learned afterward the ghost was nothing more than some neighborhood practical joker who had draped himself in a sheet to see what a sensation he could create.

Before going farther, it might be well to state that Mrs. Lehman was born in Martinsburg June 3, 1852. Her mother was Margaret Smaltz Straesser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christian Smaltz. As was mentioned before, she was one of a family of thirteen, as follows: Mary Ellen Shellenberger of Hollidaysburg, aged 85; David Straesser, deceased; Louisa Straesser Lehman, 82; Christian Straesser, of Peoria, Ill, in his 86th year; John Straesser, of Martinsburg, going on 79; Samuel, Charles, Margaret, Helen and Elizabeth, deceased; Minnie (Mrs. A. Lincoln Mentzer) and G. Edward of Martinsburg, the latter a rural mail carrier.

When John Straesser, Martinsburg, Pa., shoemaker, greeted his neighbors as he went strolling down street, his salutation was, "Vie sind sie heite Morgen?" He never used the prevailing provincial "Vie bist du?"

As a son of a florist, a member of the tradesmen's class in Germany, he had been well educated. His speech therefore was always in high German. By experience and culture he was aware that the formal greeting he used was the speech accepted in good society, the other being debarred as slang.

James Gromiller, of Hollidaysburg, retired business man, while on a tour of Europe in 1901 had an object lesson in German etiquette. Going into a barber shop, Mr. Gromiller very affably accosted the proprietor, "Vie bist du?", equivalent to the American "How 'are you?" The only way he escaped being thrown out on his ear was by explaining that he was a stranger unfamiliar with the social usages of the country and meant no offense. The barber thought he was trying to be fresh.

Mr. Straesser's daughter, Louisa, after starting to school in the old Martinsburg two-room building which stood on the site of the present High school, quickly displaced her mother tongue with English. And good English, too, because her father, meticulous in his speech as he was, insisted that his children learn the language of his adopted country in its purest form.

Small Variety In Amusements

Louisa and her classmates, who in later life she knew as Charlotte Miller, Mary Ashcom, Annie Snyder and Marian Bloom, enjoyed the studies, recreations and the little world of affairs, which made up the school routine. Among their teachers were, Libbie McKellip, Lydia Gibboney and Reverend Frederick Nicodemus. The latter was killed in a street accident in Philadelphia.

On the gala nights when exhibitions were held, supper was served early and dishes were washed in great haste because the crowd assembled so promptly that anyone expecting to get inside had to go early to "avoid the rush."

School exhibitions and the seminary commencements were almost the only secular meetings the Straesser girls attended. Sunday school, prayer and church services were obligatory as well as a privilege. They enjoyed only the simple pleasures which contributed to serene and wholesome living. Clubs, cards, parties and dancing, they heard spoken of, but the customs of the times, as well as the rigid discipline in the Straesser home, forbade indulgence.

As the years sped by, Louisa grew into young ladyhood. It was noticed that a certain young farmer, who lived just north of town, was in the habit of rapping on the front door of the Straesser homestead on Locust Street on Saturday evenings. Neighbors, seeing that Louisa opened the door, and with pleasant greeting admitted the young man herself remarked, "So, David S. Lehman is calling on Louisa. Well, they are a fine young couple".

Perhaps the out-standing social

event in those days was the arrival in town of the Swiss Bell Ringers. The big drawing card among traveling companies of one-night stand entertainers, they were sure to play to a crowded house. What elderly or middle-aged man or woman does not have lively recollections of these nimble, exotic musicians! A county teachers' institute without an appearance of the bell ringers would have been as barren of exhilaration as a wake. One wonders what has become of them. They seem to have been swallowed up by the things that belong to the dead and gone past.

Pleasant Memories of Courting Days

David Lehman took his best girl to a Swiss Bell Ringers entertainment sixty some years ago. It was given in the seminary building. Very attractive she looked, too, dressed up in her Sunday best.

For this auspicious occasion she wore her new Paisley shawl and a black lace hat trimmed with pink rose buds. Although woven of wool, the texture of the shawl was fine as silk. Black, with a gaily colored border of coral shot with threads of yellow, it is as pretty today as it was on that happy, long ago night.

Unfortunately the sky was overcast and before the young lady got home, rain fell, spotting her shawl. The spots still show faintly, souvenirs of a mishap that at the time, when the finery bade fair to be ruined, assumed the proportions of a near tragedy.

David S. Lehman and Louisa Straesser were married October 2, 1873. The ceremony, which took place in the bride's home, was performed by her pastor, Reverend Jones of the Church of God, assisted by Reverend Streamer, the Lutheran minister.

Still Has Wedding Dress.

Mrs. Lehman still has her wedding dress of white organdie. It was in the Garibaldi style, caught in at the waist by a sash tied in a big bow. Following the wedding the young couple went on a honey moon trip to Philadelphia.

After that break in the daily activity of their lives, they settled down to

farming. They first took up house keeping on the farm adjoining Martinsburg where their son Edgar resides, continuing there for ten years. For a period of three years following, they lived on the Grandpa Lehman's farm.

From there they removed to the former William Bloom farm in the Piney Creek section. Mr. and Mrs. Bloom lived in New Mexico. Their visits to their Piney Creek farm were happy events for their tenants. Relations were so agreeable between them and Mr. and Mrs. Lehman, that the home comings of these westerners were always looked forward to with feelings of unalloyed pleasure.

Sad Ending of Happy Marriage

In 1902 they bought the present Frank Lehman farm north of Martinsburg. However, Mr. Lehman was not fated to live there long. Two years later, while helping to thresh on the Holliday Reynolds farm, Mr. Lehman fell from an upper den, or mow, to the barn floor, sustaining injuries from which he died.

Mrs. Lehman, in expectation that her husband would be home for dinner, was light-heartedly preparing the meal. Instead of his home coming, she received the summons that he was dying. He lived but a few hours after the accident. The date of his death was Nov. 29, 1904.

During her childhood, Mrs. Lehman had a cousin, Margaret Straesser (Mrs. Bloomhardt) who was brought up in the John Straesser home. The little Louisa was much concerned at Margaret's orphaned state. Asking her parents, "Why doesn't Maggie have a father?" She learned that he had been killed by falling from a mow in a barn in Illinois.

Margaret's father had been Jacob Straesser. He and his brother Christian had come across the ocean with John Straesser, Mrs. Lehman's father.

Little could the child foresee that a similar tragedy should one day come to wring her own heart with sorrow.

But she has not given in to dejection.

tion. Her native courage is too high to yield to the thrusts of misfortunes which are the natural concomitants of a long life. Her sense of humor, geniality, and faith that the hereafter will gloriously compensate for any suffering endured in this world, animate her with a liveliness that make for a companionship her friends greatly appreciate.

Mrs. Lehman resides with her son-

in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer E. Shriver, in their home on Christiana Street, in Martinsburg. This place was her old home, since her father spent the years of his retirement there.

Besides Mrs. Shriver, Mrs. Lehman has three other children: John Edgar Lehman and D. Frank Lehman, of near Martinsburg, and Helen, wife of Irvin Smith, of Altoona.

INCIDENTS OF METZ FAMILY

Mary had a little lamb that followed her to school one day.

Apparently the incident was not repeated, as the implication in the succeeding lines of the old nursery rhyme is that the commotion aroused by the advent of the knowledge seeking sheep, so taxed dear teacher's patience, that Baa Baa was thrown out.

Williamsburg many years ago had a parallel to this favorite poem of childhood days, only it was not a lamb. It happened to be a bear that went to church one Sunday morning.

Mr. Bruin meant well, but the excitement that ensued as he ambled down the aisle can better be imagined than described.

Women shrieked and jumped up on the benches. Children screamed and wailed and even some of the men tried to crawl out of the windows.

Just as there was about to be a general stampede for the out-of-doors, up rose the Metz boys and put the bear out.

Bear Was a Pet

As a matter of fact the bear was their playmate. When he strolled into the church, he probably was after nothing more alarming than a romp.

Charles Metz, in company with a group of village boys, had discovered a couple of cubs while hunting chest-

nuts on the mountain. As Mother Bear was not at home, the boys carried the cunning little babies back to Williamsburg, where Charles and his brother, J. Grove Metz, promptly adopted them.

The cubs, playful, lovable little pets, grew enormously. One came to an untimely end by drinking too much buttermilk. The other lived to grow up to go to church.

In fact, he became such a general nuisance that the Metz boys were forced to part with him. They eventually took him to Woodcock Valley and shot him off. They did not literally put a bullet through him but chanced him off at a shooting match.

The church referred to was the old Methodist church which formerly stood on High street on the site of the J. Grove Metz residence.

Church Has Varied History

This church had a long and varied history which dated back to 1812, the year Jacob Ake, founder of Williamsburg, donated the ground to the Methodists. The Presbyterian, Lutheran and Reformed denominations, having no church of their own, cooperated with the Methodists, all these sects holding services in the building which was erected on the lot.

Although Jacob Ake was a Catholic, he was broad-minded and generous

enough to give the land free, and without any strings attached, to his Protestant neighbors.

It will be recalled that Mr. Ake laid out the original plot of Aketown, afterwards Williamsburg, to comprise 120 lots.

Since money was scarce, he sold the lots for a small down payment in cash with the balance to be paid in a yearly ground rent of one Spanish milled dollar, or its equivalent.

As W. Ray Metz very ably elucidated the matter to the present writer, at the time the town plot was laid out, Spanish milled coins were the legal tender of the country. Since gold and silver were lacking in the United States, this country probably was forced to rely on its neighboring Spanish colonies for its currency.

Rent Is Still Paid

Conforming to the terms of Jacob Ake, the owners of the original town lots, still pay the equivalent of a Spanish milled dollar once a year to one of his descendants. Two or three are exempt by having effected a settlement through payment of a lump sum.

J. Grove Metz, however, is required to pay only half of the equivalent of the specified Spanish milled dollar. The reason is that he bought the land comprising the church lot, which was fifty feet square, and a half lot adjoining it on the rear.

The church lot was given free of the ground rent. Hence Mr. Ake needs pay rent only on the rear half lot.

The deed to the Methodist Episcopal trustees is of rare interest. It forms a link in the chain of title to Mr. Metz's land, hence it is of value to him aside from its historical association.

Dated August 17, 1812, Jacob Ake and Catharine, his wife, of Morris Township, Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania, transferred to John Puntius, Jacob Spealman, David Ake, Aquilla Green and Abraham Vantries, trustees

of the Methodist Episcopal church, for the purpose of erecting a house or place of worship on the ground herein conveyed.

Succession of nine, seven or five trustees to serve forever, is rigidly specified. Space will not permit the reproduction of the provisions of the deed, but it doubtless would be read with close attention.

The title as recited, sets forth that one George Ranolds secured ownership of the present site of Williamsburg by patent from the Supreme Executive Council of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, September 7, 1789. The next purchaser was John Cannan, January 5, 1791, who sold it to Jacob Ake, November 3, 1797.

The deed to the Methodist church was acknowledged before L. B. McLain, justice of the peace. It was recorded October 10, 1812, William Steel being the county register, and the recording fee \$1.25.

Written neatly by quill pen, dipped in ink but slightly faded, it is perfectly decipherable.

Church Had Strange Deed

Keeping pace with the growth of the town, the Methodists, Presbyterians, Lutherans and Reformed congregations who so amicably had shared the same house of worship, gradually increased in membership until each was financially able to build a separate church.

After they had built their individual churches, the Baptists purchased the old union church building.

Left Without An Owner

In time the Baptist membership dwindled by reason of death and removals to other sections until it completely died out.

When J. Grove Metz bought the lot in 1882, he was obliged to get title by a special act of the assembly because there was no one left to sign the deed.

Mr. Metz, who is one of the oldest men in Williamsburg to be actively

engaged in business, is proprietor of the hardware store, corner of Spring and Second Streets. Metz's is so thoroughly established that it is one of the land marks of the town.

Mr. Metz is a son of John and Susan (Isenberg) Metz. He was born February 22, 1855. Counting it up, you see that he'll be 80 on his next birthday anniversary. He was born on Plum street in the house, now the residence of Miss Jennie Fay, who taught school in the primary grade. A large number of the present residents of Williamsburg have happy memories of trooping to their first day at school, with Miss Jennie to induct them into the fascinating mysteries of the a b c's and figures.

His father, John Metz, was a blacksmith. The blacksmith shop was one of the most fascinating places in the world for a small boy to play in. The leaping flames of the forge fire, from whose seething heart father drew red-hot iron bars to be beaten into horse shoes; horses to shoe, wagons and buggies to be made, farm machinery to be repaired, everything that went on there was of the utmost interest.

Best of all were rainy days and evenings when the men and boys gathered there to retail village news and tell stories.

Guilty Man Tricked

One of the oft-told tales was the one about the stolen ax. John Metz had perpetrated a clever trick that time. An ax had been stolen from the shop years before J. Grove Metz's time, and a village character was suspected of the theft.

Taking the regular loafers into his confidence, Mr. Metz prepared to play on the suspect's well-known bent to superstition.

One evening the blacksmith shop loungers found that a black, soot-coated kettle, turned upside-down was given a place of honor in the middle of the smithy floor. Solemnly

explaining that it was put there as a trap to catch the thief, Mr. Metz demanded that all present get in line and lay a hand on the kettle as they filed by.

He said a rooster, which was under the kettle would crow when the guilty person laid his hand on the kettle. Everybody did, as directed but not the faintest cock-a-doodle-doo was heard.

Then every one was called on to hold up their hands. All were black handed except the suspected party. He had been afraid to touch the kettle.

The Metz's were of Alsace-Lorraine origin. Three brothers from that province came to America late in the 1790's. Separating at Old Point Comfort, Va., each started out in a different direction to seek his fortune. That was the last they ever saw or heard of one another.

One of them, J. Grove Metz's grandfather settled in the vicinity of Williamsburg. John Metz was born on the present David Sollenberger farm. He used to tell his children and grandchildren that winter nights, while snow sifted through chinks in the roof of his attic bedroom, it was nothing unusual for a chorus of wolf howls to be his last conscious sensation as he drifted off to dreamland. It was almost a daily occurrence to see deer bounding across the cleared fields of the farm or feeding in the adjoining woods.

Plan To Welcome Soldiers

Williamsburg was all set to welcome the soldiers home from the war. A great wave of gratitude, relief and thanksgiving had washed away the anguish, tension and foreboding which had overwhelmed the hearts of the people during the four long years of strife.

Now the people of the pretty little town, sitting by the side of the canal, were in a fever of rejoicing. The

boys were coming back from the southern front.

They were traveling by canal boat. The welcoming committee planned to fire a cannon to salute them when they arrived at the dock. The cannon was set up, primed and ready for the charge to be driven home.

Something went wrong. The gun exploded. Two men, 'Squire Rutledge and Jake Yingling, wounded by powder and flying fragments, were nearly killed. The scene, so lately replete with gaiety and happiness, was turned into a turmoil of consternation and dismay.

That is just one of the many incidents that J. Grove Metz, merchant of Williamsburg, recalls as having happened back in the days when the canal was in full swing.

Canal Travel Too Slow

The glamour which clings to things of the past, especially in the minds of the older folks, is apt to induce a sort of nostalgia or homesickness for that which will never come again. Recollection, as it fondly brings to mind things of the long ago, pictures them with a happier hue than they were in actuality.

Thus the canal in present day thinking about it, may incline one to believe that its abandonment was a great loss to the transportation of the county and state.

J. Grove Metz says it was a shallow channel no wider than High street in Williamsburg. It was a delightful place for fishing and swimming in the summer and skating in winter, but as a means of travel it passed out because it was too slow. The demand for speedier going was the decree that drained the water out of the canal and caused its bed to revert to cultivation.

One of the chronic fishermen of the old days was George Green, an old colored man. He was little,

shriveled and not overly energetic, while his wife, Maria, big and bustling, had enough get-up for both. At any rate she supported herself and him by taking in washing.

George spent the drowsy summer days fishing and napping alongside the tow path. One day he slept too soundly. He fell into the water and drowned. When he failed to return home to Maria, the men of the town discovered the accident and wrote finis to Mr. Green's fishing annals by fishing his remains out of the canal.

Son Inherits Business

Following the death of John Metz, his son, J. Grove Metz, took over the blacksmith shop. It stood near the location of his present hardware store. The new smith had no need of high powered advertising to draw business. Having been trained by his father, he had the Metz reputation for good, reliable work, back of him. That was sufficient guarantee to insure brisk trade.

The blacksmith shop continued to be a sort of men's club to which they resorted during their hours of leisure to join, either as audience or performers, in the round of chat that afforded such good entertainment.

It used to be great fun to have a try at scalping red beets. Does someone ask, "Whoever heard of anything so utterly ridiculous?"

Well, it was more blood thirsty than ridiculous when the Indians did it.

You see it was this way. A traveling Indian show used to come to town, which exhibited as a stellar feature a scalping act, with red beets in the place of the heads of helpless victims.

Very realistic, too, was the spectacle of the red men in war paint and feather bonnets, catching the beets by the leaves for scalp lock, and with flip of a knife slicing off the top so lightning-quick that the eye could

scarcely follow. The red flesh of the beet, together with the gloating pleasure of the actors, gave a very good imitation of the real thing.

No amount of practice by the smithy habitues, at the expense of countless beets purloined from home gardens, could bring about anything approaching the skill of the circus Indians.

Past Holds Happy Memories

Mr. Metz's reminiscences of the past are happy. They could not be otherwise because he has a sense of humor that colors life's experiences with an optimism that refuses to be downed.

He doesn't hold that the good, old days were better and happier than the present. Of course, there was more sociability among the home folks. Everybody knew everybody else. There was more fun in sled-ding parties, picnics and the simple, wholesome pleasures of the pre-automobile era.

But who would want to go back to living without automobiles, electric lights and radios? They are costly luxuries, it is true. Hands up, of those who don't want them? Not a hand. That proves that all these inventions have dropped out of the class of luxuries and have become absolute necessities.

Talking about fishing, Mr. and Mrs. Metz join their sons in a fishing trip to the wilds of Canada every summer. Although each is eighty, they enjoy the camping as much as the younger folks.

Nor does Mr. Metz sit back and watch his sons and grandchildren take the catch of speckled beauties off the hooks. He does his own fishing. He swings a handy knife, too, at dressing the fish for the frying pan.

Happy Family Group

It was always that way. The Metz boys are not satisfied unless Dad joins them in their recreations.

There are three of them: John Alfred, a practicing attorney of Pittsburgh; W. Ray, associated with his father in the hardware business, and Harry, a dentist, at Pittsburgh. The three boys never had a sister. The relationship existing between the parents and the sons retains the same intimacy and comradeship that existed during the time the boys were growing up.

Mrs. Metz was Miss Julia Patterson, a daughter of T. B. Patterson, who was canal boss on the stretch between Hollidaysburg and Huntingdon. She and Mr. Metz were married February 28, 1878, Reverend N. G. White, the war preacher, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, performed the ceremony.

They took up housekeeping in their present residence on High street. Thus they have lived in the same place during the whole of their fifty-six years of married life.

A very comfortable, pleasant home, standing on historic ground. Sitting on their front porch, they can see the big spring which induced the original settlers to lay the foundation stones of the first log cabins to rise out of the wilderness.

Across the street, on the site occupied by the brick corner house belonging to the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company, the first school house in Williamsburg used to stand. It was built by Jacob Ake in 1790 and was the first free school in Blair county.

Jacob Ake's zeal for educating the youngsters in the arts of readin', ritin' and 'rithmetic was so consuming that he used to make the rounds of the town mornings to see that no boys were playing hooky. Were any caught, Mr. Ake scutched them to school, using his cane as a persuader.

Surely the tantalizing laughter of the mill race as it rushed past the school house from the spring must

have been a siren song in the ears of the scholars far sweeter than the harsh tones of the teacher.

Home Had Well Known Cave

Next door to the Metz home is the house formerly the residence of Grandfather John Metz. Since the latter's death it has been owned by J. Grove Metz.

In the old days it was a one-story building used as a cavern. Behind it was a cave in which were stocked the wines and liquors the pioneers knew so well how to make and to drink, too.

Grandfather Metz converted the cave into an apple cellar. To his little grandson, W. Ray Metz, it was the abode of ogres. He always was between two fires when he wanted apples. Whether to yield to his appetite or refuse to run the gauntlet of the fearful creatures with which his imagination had peopled that dark recess. When the cave eventually fell in, he did not know whether relief superseded curiosity at the destruction of his familiar bugaboo.

W Ray Metz's hobby is collecting clippings. His scrap books cover a range of subjects that make them of paramount value and interest.

Every one in the Cove will recall that he was the originator of the Wedding of the Roads program which took place in Martinsburg a couple of years ago when the Pinchot roads connecting all the towns in the northern half of the Cove were completed. The cleverness and originality of that unique presentation won Mr. Metz state-wide recognition. He states that he is working on a project to celebrate the completion of the new road over Tussey mountain, that will throw the first celebration away in the shade. That statement is sufficient to work up vast enthusiasm for the forthcoming event.

Mr. and Mrs. Metz will both tell you that the secret of vigorous, hap-

py old age, is equanimity. Their rule is, "Take things as they come, without stewing, fretting and worrying." They firmly believe that crabbing won't get you a thing except hardened arteries and a sour disposition. Neither one is a prescription for long life.

Mr. Metz makes it a practice to go to the store every day. He likes to meet old cronies there, as well as help look after business.

The east window offers a very pleasant outlook with its potted plants. A vine, grown from a cutting brought from Thomas Jefferson's home, Monticello, gracefully twines along the sides and top. In the center is a geranium which has bloomed constantly for eight years.

The atmosphere of the place reflects the genial, kindly, responsible character of the proprietors.

Already the small boy knows how lonesome his dog is going to be after school begins.

When winter comes around the corner we hope it will push prosperity on ahead.

Try thinking that everybody wants to help you instead of thinking they wish you harm.

If we made good use of every minute we would be surprised by what we could accomplish.

We long for more money, more ability, more power and still do not make the best use of what we have.

It is difficult to travel the King's highway if our thoughts are on the devil's byway.

We have changed our minds about many things of which we once felt sure.

EARLY WOODBURY CONDITIONS

The following letter written by John Bottenfield, late of Hickory Bottom, to relatives in Ohio, gives a clear insight of conditions in the Cove ninety years ago.

Mr. Bottenfield, as he traced these lines, little thought that his letter would be read by generations yet unborn.

His reference to the panic of 1843 sounds so familiar that it might well describe the condition of 1934, only that the makeshifts used for money made it worse.

The time of the writing must have been shortly after one of those periodical migrations to the west, which throughout more than a hundred years, caused large numbers of Cove natives to seek their fortunes on the frontier.

Now that there is no frontier left, it is a problem to find new fields for the adventurers to conquer.

The letter was kindly loaned to The Herald reporter by Miss Nora Bottenfield, of Williamsburg.

Letter to Family.

January the 22, 1843, Bedford County, Pa.

Dear Mother and Brothers:

We inform you that we are all well at the present time only sometimes we have the cold. I received your first letter some time in October last that was dated October 9th and the last I received the 21st instant.

I am making a machine to weave coverlets and I want to take the shettles straight up and make only one pattern in a coverlet.

Then I thought to give you some information of that, else I would have written sooner, so I cannot write much about that only that I am working at it and expect to finish it this winter sometime. I inform you that old Daniel Boyer died in August last and if you see Abraham Smith in

your country, please tell him of it and that the remainder of the Boyer family are all well. Smith lives in the same neighborhood as Warner.

I have not much to write of important matters only the money is scarce with us so that many are afraid of their debts. Wheat sells at 70 cents, rye sold at 45 the last I heard; oats at 20 cents, corn at 40 cents. Pork at \$3 to \$4 per hundredweight and beef at \$2 and \$2½ per hundredweight.

But no money, It's all in trade. And for me to come to your country to buy land is uncertain for we cannot get money at this time that would suit in your country. The money that is in circulation is only relief bills or transcripts and that doesn't pass in your state. This is money we can not get silver for, only trade within this state to pay our taxes with.

We have some shin plasters yet, but this you don't take in your country. So we can't well come to see your country, let alone buying land there for it is supposed by some that the half of the land in the cove will be sold again for the folks are more in debt than we ever knew of. The sheriff will offer some this Court for sale. But it must bring two-thirds of the appraisement else it can't be sold, if the owner is not agreed.

About weaving, we have had plenty for one loom this winter, that is of single and cloth and double coverlets and we had middling cool weather for November for about two weeks. We had two snows already and the one lasted a week or so. Now we have fine weather like in March and it does not freeze. We had only a few days of good sleighing. The snow always went off by heavy rain.

But we had cold weather already and we have a new school house straight up from me at the road and

Samuel and Nancy are going to the school.

Prices Were Low.

Dry goods sales: Coffee, 6 lbs for a dollar; sugar, 12½ cents per lb.; cotton yarn, single, 31¼ cts. lb., double and plecht, 50 cents; salt, \$3 per barrel, by the bushel, \$1. Market butter, 10 cents; eggs, 10 cents; clover seed, \$2.50 to \$3.00.

I was in Bedford on the 12th inst. and I was with Jacob Snider. The valley folks are all well. Old uncle is well but him and Shus can't agree right since he married again. I didn't see any of them, only I heard so of Snider and Steers. I was in Bedford for wire for my machine and in November Court. I was out about land affairs.

John Longanaker has sold or will sell his to Cretean Hofman at \$33 per acre. Jacob Heppel offers his land at \$18 in the barrens and that where he lives on for \$50 per acre. They will stop the furnace in Woodbury and they have stopped the foundry in Martinsburg on account of money and they want to divide the Woodbury townships again. Make three of them, South, Middle and North Woodbury. Then we will live in Middle Woodbury.

About Miller's prophecying about the world coming to an end, Roash preached in Martinsburg the same and when he did it he sued them for his money for to preach to them so and they had to pay him for it. They say we will have signs at the moon and at the sun the 17th instant. They want a sign at the moon. But I think it is a token for the end of the world for we can read of false prophets, for no one knows the hour or time only Omniscient God. It may be before next April or not for one hundred years we do not know.

If you have a mind to go on your land, you had better get a wife, or in other words get married to some decent girl and then you both do bet-

ter. If you can't get one in Ohio, come back to the cove again. There is some left yet. For my part I would sooner work on a farm than in the shop; more in open air. But the way it is now I cannot leave farming on account of the money.

I might sell and not know what money it might take. But perhaps it will make a change before long. Then if I can't suit myself in the cove I might come to your country, that is, when they get silver and gold again.

You always praise your country, but, Mother, you do not write whether you like it or not. The people are generally healthy in this neighborhood this winter. The latest we heard from Franklin County was last fall.

John Brakebill was in the cove then and John Sollenberger, and they said old John Kissel died and Daniel Foust died also and Frederick Kissel has a notion to move to Ohio. That is, if he can get that much money. John Kissel broke up and moved to Green Castle.

Early Churches Active.

We have more meetings this winter, than this long time. The River Brothers have every week and the Winebrennarians, they have great meetings in Woodbury. They baptize in the water but only one dip, for they say, Father, Son and Holy Ghost is one. They are great speakers, if they do so.

John Longanaker, Thomas Marks, John Kagey, Abraham Kagey, Philip Carper, Isaac Kipel, Frederick Carper, Peter Stern and Emanuel Bossler, Abraham Stoner, John Stoner, Andrew Bossler, they all belong to the River Brothers and old Jacob Heppel belongs to the Methodists.

Abraham Detwiler lives at Smith's with the children of Smith, but he will move away till spring to James Hoover's or near there.

Jacob and Dave Smith are single yet and the girls. Yes, Jacob, Mary Smith is single yet. Perhaps you might get

her along on your land for a housekeeper. For she would like to go to the west. They were offered \$4,000.00 for their farm and David would like to see them married well.

Jonas Hoover's Catharine is single and Diehl's three girls are single yet and there are more around here. It would be a wonder if you could not get one along on your land for a housekeeper and then clear out a potato patch and farm in a cucumber patch and then I will come and see you if I keep my health.

That newspaper I did not receive, only the two letters. If Joseph wants that of Daniel Snowberger he must prove his account by a squire and send it in. Then I can get it of John Skyles, Administrator.

What I owe you, I would like to pay but it is so uncertain about the money. You may write in your next letter what sort of paper money you will take and I will try to get such and send it to you.

JOHN BOTTENFIELD.

Post Mark, Woodbury, Jan. 24

Received February 2, 1843

Postage, 25c.

Forget and forgive but do not forget to forgive.

Not many worth while things turn up of their own accord.

In one place the folks who owed taxes came in such numbers the night before the penalty was added that the office force had to stay over and work all night. It proves that while many still cannot take care of their taxes, many others can when they want to.

One of the best signs of recent months is the upswing in the tanning industry. Maybe it means the population has quit sitting and has started moving around and wearing out shoes again.

GO ON IN FAITH

There's an hour each one is facing,
As we live so 'twill be met;
Thus tonight I'll try to tell you
Of some things you'll not regret.
When the room is hushed and quiet,
And your loved ones gather near
With their anxious tear strained faces,
Striving each to bring you cheer.

For the time you gave in service,
Tho' it often seemed so small;
For the help to those in sorrow—
You may not recall them all.
But there'll come a soothing calmness,
And a peace you will obtain,
As you realize that duty
Never called to you in vain.

While we watch and wait His coming,
There is work for us to do;
Tho' good deeds bring not salvation,
They will follow if we're true.
Faith and works when thus united
Haste the kingdom, and the King
Will return to house of David,
Back to earth His peace will bring.

He will use you to His glory,
When you yield your life to Him;
As you tell the old, old story
Precious souls for Him you'll win.
You must make the full surrender,
Give your all into His hands
Ere you'll know the Spirit's fulness,
Know the joy that act commands.

For the world has naught to offer
That the peace of mind assures,
As the knowledge you've accepted
Wondrous gifts that now are yours.
As you stand on banks of Jordan,
And behold the perfect day,
You'll see nothing but His glory—
Things of earth are passed away.

F. C. Dodson.

Education wrongly directed is a curse instead of a blessing.

Sexton of Hickory Bottom Church

PART 1

The peal of the Hickory Bottom Reformed church bell fell in solemn cadence on the air.

Everyone within hearing, stopped the task of the moment and began counting the beats of the clapper for the bell was tolling the knell of some one in the community whose spirit had passed into immortality.

One measured tap for every year of the life which had fled.

Sometimes the tolling stopped at seventeen or in the twenties, thereby proclaiming the message that Death had laid its clammy hand on youth or maiden in the bloom of life.

More often the count mounted into the seventies and even into the eighties.

"Ah, yes!" mused the listeners, "another old patriarch has gone to his reward."

During the seventy-nine years that the church ministered to the spiritual needs of the Hickory Bottom congregation, the bell tolled for many of the best-known and most highly respected citizens of the central section of the Cove.

On the tombstones in the adjoining church yard are carved the names of pioneer Cove families, viz: Bridenthal, Hartman, Rhodes, Detwiler, Falknor, Swaney, Baker, Nicodemus and Beach.

Bell Is Now Silent.

The bell has tolled for the last time. It has ceased its function of summoning worshipers to services in the House of God. It has been removed from its place in the belfry where it officiated for so many years as a sweet-toned herald of divine ritual.

The church has been torn down. For almost four score years the little white building symbolized the faith of devout men and women.

It also stood as an emblem of a

simpler era before sympathy and kindness were commercialized. When neighbors helped one another wait on the sick and lay out the dead as a duty they owed, without thought of remuneration in dollars and cents.

Even years before the church structure was razed, the custom of tolling for the dead had died out. It was a tribute of respect that none can but feel regret that changing times have decreed it to be out of date.

Incidents Recalled By Sexton

In reminiscent mood, Henry Snyder of Henrietta who served as sexton for a period of eighteen years, recalls some interesting incidents connected with his work in behalf of the church.

For the first time the present writer learned how the tolling was done. Not, as one would suppose, by manipulating the bell rope. No, the sexton climbed into the belfry and tapped the side of the bell the required number of strokes by hand.

It was customary to toll the bell immediately on receipt of the news of the death of anyone in the neighborhood whose remains would be buried in the cemetery adjoining the church. Then, too, the sexton was expected to keep advised of the time the funeral cortege left the late home of the deceased. He would start tolling from that time until the casket was carried into the church.

Depending on the distance the funeral party had to traverse, the sexton at times was obliged to keep a protracted vigil in the belfry.

Mr. Snyder will never forget his experience at the funeral of David Bridenthal, one of the founders of the church. It was a bitterly cold winter day. The body was to be transported over the snowy road by sled. From his lookout the sexton saw a retinue

of sleds approaching from the direction of the Bridenthall farm.

Hurrying into his eyrie, he started to ring the bell. Peering through the slats of his cold and blustery perch, he saw, as the sleds arrived at the church, that they did not contain the body of the dead and the bereaved friends, so the only thing for him to do was to keep on tolling until the funeral party finally did arrive. He was glad enough to avail himself of the warmth of the church when he got down from the belfry because he was nearly frozen.

Remuneration Was Small

Mr. Snyder swept and dusted the church, kept the oil lamps filled, trimmed and polished, built the fires in winter for Sunday worship and the "big meeting," as the evangelistic services were called in neighborhood parlance, and tolled the bell whenever the need arose.

For a number of years he did all this for the good of the cause, "free gratis and for nothing." After a time the official board voted him a salary of a dollar a month. However, on one or two occasions, the needs of the heathen in foreign lands superseded his claim so that his annual stipend was lopped off a couple of dollars.

That was in the days when pennies were put in the collection basket. Old Sunday school records which came to light at the auction of the church a short time ago, show that the collections in the late eighties and early nineties averaged from 27 to 34 cents per Sunday. But indeed these meager offerings sufficed, as they did in the other country churches in those days.

Everything incidental to the operation of the church was donated. The initial building materials, repairs, furnishings, everything that was required, was donated by the members of the congregation. Cash, materials and work were freely offered, leaving no mortgage or burden of indebted-

ness for those who came after to lift.

Mr. Snyder says the sexton did not have to dig the graves. That was a last office which was done by the neighbors of the deceased, without cavil and without price.

In the same spirit, the neighbors, no matter how tired and hard-pressed they were with their own farm and household cares, sat up nights with the sick and ministered as best they could to the suffering.

There were always "grannies" in the community, who, by reason of peculiar knowledge of herbs, knack of nursing and greatness of soul, responded lovingly and willingly to every call from the sick, even though the disease may have been the dreaded diphtheria or scarlet fever. And when the end came, there were always kind hands ready to prepare the remains for burial.

Methods Were Primitive.

Mr. Snyder says he often "laid the corpse on the sod." No, that did not mean the burial.

In the early days of the church, the dead were not embalmed. It can well be believed that the terror many people had of being buried alive, was well founded.

With ice being unobtainable, it was a difficult matter to properly safeguard the corpse in hot weather. The body covered with a sheet was laid on a cooling board cushioned with thick squares of moist sod with the grass side up.

This primitive method provided fairly satisfactory refrigeration by the process of evaporation.

These services would be regarded as being pretty onerous in these enlightened times, but then they were looked upon as a Christian obligation.

Primitive Threshing Methods

"Put your heads in your pockets, fellers, Jake is goner swing the flail."

Have you ever tried threshing out grain with a flail? A flail nowadays does not exist outside of a museum,

perhaps. A novice on his first attempt at using one of these obsolete shillalahs will find it to be the "beatenist contraption" to connect up with the human head that ever was invented.

Yet in the experience of numbers of men still living the wheat and rye garnered from Morrisons Cove farms was threshed by pounding the grain from the husk with a flail.

Threshing by machine was then in the primary stage of experiment. That was at the time when the Hickory Bottom Reformed church was built.

Henry Snyder Used Flail.

Henry Snyder of Henrietta, who for eighteen years served as sexton of the church which was sold to be torn down this fall, thus definitely writing finis to the last chapter of its career, flailed out many bushels of grain.

He lived through the progressive inventions of the circular horse power "thrasher", the one horse foot power, the "coffee grinder" and to welcome all the improvements in the evolution of the present day gasoline driven, time conquering machine.

Contemporaneously the old church fulfilled its mission during the period of greatest mechanical expansion the world has ever seen. If one could flash a throw back of the past on the screen of today, there would be seen a panorama of the developments which lifted America and the world out of primitive hand labor to machine proficiency.

Tied to the hitching racks in front of the church one would see the slow-moving ox give place to the horse-drawn spring wagon, followed successively by the rockaway buggy, phaeton, fancy run-about, sled and cutter sleigh, and the automobile.

Country Sees Much Progress.

On the surrounding farms, the flail yielded to the threshing machine; the grain cradle to the binder, the horse drawn plow to the tractor and the tal-

low candle and fat dip to oil lamps and electric lights.

"How in the world," queried the reporter of Mr. Snyder, "did the farmers get their work done when they had no machinery?" "By man power", was the answer.

Mr. Snyder went on to elaborate on the prodigious amount of work the early day farmers accomplished by elbow grease plus long hours and skill.

He explained that the average old-time rural family was large. The stork usually did not discriminate against boys. In the event that sons were scarce, there were always plenty of "hands" in the neighborhood that could be hired at small wages.

Trained to a high degree of skill it is a marvel to the modern individual how fast the swaths of wheat fell to the cradler, how many acres of corn could be planted by hand or how swiftly a good man could broadcast a field of grain.

Depends On Hard Work.

Modern engineers are puzzled at how the ancient Egyptians could construct the pyramids, one of the most stupendous achievements of masonry in the world, by means of nothing but slave labor.

The Cove farmer "got there just the same". By working steadily from sun-up to dark and longer and with a knack practice and the urge to excel had given them, they managed to plant and gather in the crops on the self-same farms, on which the clatter of machinery now gives evidence of frantic haste, almost as expeditiously as the work is done today.

The men detailed to bind the grain into sheaves were always glad to follow after Henry Snyder. He laid the straw in such a straight even swath that it could be gathered into bundles in record time.

Was Fast Woodcutter.

He was a man of all work. He used to cut wood for a wage of 40

cents a cord. You will recall from the problems in the school text book arithmetics that a cord is 8 ft. long, 4 ft. wide and 4 ft. high.

That is a pretty sizable job of work to do for 40 cents. Yet Mr. Snyder said that, contingent on the kind of wood, he usually could earn a good day's pay. He actually once cut a cord in three hours. But that was comparatively small stuff that did not require much splitting or trimming. Every stroke of the ax hit clean and true into the exact spot at which it was aimed.

Asked whether he had ever seen any of the spooks that were rumored to haunt the vicinity of the church in the old days, he turned the suggestion aside with derision.

The folks who sleep in the church yard, he said, were honest, God-fearing people, who would not wish to come to earth.

During "big meeting" he used to make up the fires in the late afternoon and remain at the church until after the services. His wife brought him his supper. Those quiet hours he spent in the solitude of the church he recalls with a sense of keen satisfaction.

Saw Strange Apparition.

However he did see something for which he can not account. While passing the former Daniel Sell farm near Woodbury just as dusk was gathering one evening about fifty years ago, something impelled him to look behind him.

He saw a man standing in the road, who right before his eyes, turned into the figure of a woman.

One instant there stood a man dressed plainly in the habiliments of trousers and coat. The next flicker of the eye it wore skirts and shawl. This strange transition continued for quite a while.

Thinking it was an uncle who was playing a trick on him, young Henry Snyder walked back, to see how the strange sleight of hand was done.

When he approached near the apparition, it suddenly disappeared. It simply vanished into nothingness. After he turned to continue his journey, a backward look revealed it standing where it had been before, and changing from male to female at regular intervals. His uncle, when told about it, was as dumbfounded as Henry was.

Had One Perpetual Job.

Of all the manual labor that was done on the farm, there was one job that never was finished. That was picking stones. Piles and wagon loads of stones were hauled off the fields, yet they never seemed to grow less.

Mr. Snyder had a rather exciting time while picking stones on the John Klotz farm near New Enterprise. During one-half day he killed thirty-five green snakes. As he stooped to pick up stones, the field seemed to be alive with the wriggling reptiles.

As nearly as he can recall, it was in 1882 that he saw a sight which was the climax to anything he had ever witnessed in the line of snakes.

He was with a group of folks on the ridge east of Hickory Bottom, among whom were several members of the Hollinger family and Grandma Hartman, mother of J. P. Hartman, of Martinsburg.

Attracted by a commotion among the leaves and bushes, they saw a hoop snake rolling down the side of the ridge. It struck an oak tree which was in full vigor of green foliage. Shortly after this strange phenomenon Mr. Snyder went to look at the tree. It was dead. The stroke of the snake had killed it as certainly as though it had been blasted by lightning.

Mr. Snyder recalls that on the day the late Dr. John Oellig was buried, July 4, 1882, it was so cold that the men who attended the funeral wore their winter overcoats while the women wore heavy woolen shawls.

Records Death Of Friends.

When David Byers died at Wood-

bury on January 7, 1891 at the age of 85 years, 5 months and 8 days. Mr. Snyder entered the record of the death in a ledger.

Since that time he has made it a practice to enter the date of the death, together with the age of the deceased, of all his friends in the Cove who have passed away.

The day before the interview given by Mr. Snyder to The Herald reporter, he noted the obituary of his good friend, Samuel Mock. That was the 536th entry in this remarkably interesting record. Mr. Mock's death brought to mind the close association Mr. Snyder enjoyed with him while Mr. Snyder was sexton of the Hickory Bottom church at which time Mr. Mock was deacon and one of the most active workers and supporters of the church.

Source of Name "Hickory Bottom"

Answering the question whether the name Hickory Bottom had any special significance, Mr. Snyder replied that he had heard the old folks say in his youth that the section so named was almost literally covered

with hickory nut trees.

In fact, he remembers as a boy it was no trick to pick up a couple of bushel of prime shell barks just as a little recreation on the side on a frosty morning. The stock of hickory timber was depleted to make wagon spokes in local shops, implement handles and for fire wood. Hickory Bottom knows the virgin hickory no more.

Mr. Snyder was born in Monroe township, Bedford county, June 15, 1867, a son of Jacob and Mary E. Kissel Snyder. Of the members of his immediate family, a brother and sister, George and Martha Snyder of near Martinsburg, survive.

His wife was Miss Elizabeth Glass. They were married January 4, 1888. No children were born to them.

Although partially disabled as a result of a broken leg sustained last fall, Mr. Snyder had too much will power to submit to being put on the shelf. He and his wife, both of constitutionally happy, optimistic disposition, are growing old together with a mellowness and harmony it is a pleasure to encounter.

INCIDENTS OF TOLL GATE DAYS

"Hey, Annie, come and mind the toll gate until I sneak down the alley and find out whether that old skinflint didn't drive out through Woodbury.

"He said he was going to stop at Beckhoefer's store, but I think he's trying to hood-wink me out of paying toll. He's that all-fired tarnation stingy that he'd chase a louse over a ten acre field for the hide and taller."

That was one of the tribulations of the toll gate keeper in the days of more or less happy memory, when the turnpikes flourished.

Good roads have enlisted the attention of people in the rural communities from the time the thirteen

original colonies fixed their far-flung western boundaries with or without sanction of the Indians.

This was a country of almost limitless distances. To get from one place to another it was necessary to construct some kind of roads.

Good Roads A Problem.

Corduroy roads, made by laying tree trunks side by side, served to render passable swamps or lands washed soggy by spring time freshets. But the pioneers soon realized that a permanent roadbed was an absolute necessity.

The proposition was one of local government. If people demanded good roads, it was up to them to provide

them.

Their answer to the problem was the turnpike. Citizens with hard cash in their pockets organized companies, sold stock to raise money to undertake road improvement, and counted on the tolls collected from traffic to eventually lift the roads out of the mud as well as out of the red ink.

That was the genesis of the turnpike in America. It served its purpose well. It was no financial burden to any one, neither raising taxes nor throwing the local units of government into debt.

Tolls were exceedingly low, the prevailing rate running something like a cent a mile. Even so, beating the toll gate keeper out of his dues was a great game, requiring special skill akin to that employed in the art of "hoss tradin'".

Some resorted to it because of "closeness". Others from motives springing from the general cantankerousness of human nature, or love of a joke.

Tollgate Keeper Tricked.

Frank Shriver, who lives near Fredericksburg, tells a story he recalls of having heard in his youth about a woman's method of out-witting the toll gate keeper.

Driving up to the toll gate in a dashing buggy, the keeper of the gate obligingly raised the stone weighted pole which barricaded the road, meantime extending his hand for the expected pay.

"How much?" asked the lady.

"Ten cents for a horse and man," was the reply.

"Well, I'm a woman driving a mare so I guess I get through free."

Giving her steed the gaff, she trotted on her way with never a backward glance for the flabbergasted toll collector.

The toll gate keeper certainly was a "man who lived by the side of the road and watched the race of men go by."

He was a man of good standing, one who bore a reputation for sobriety and honesty. Usually he exchanged neighborhood news and gossip with the passers-by, but when they gave evidence of being in a hurry, he attended to business briskly, refraining from hindering the traveler on his way.

The Woodbury pike was one of the last to operate in the Cove. The older residents well remember Danny Coy, repairman, who sat on a stool while he hammered stones. He worked on the pike until he grew old and grizzled in the service.

In spite of the fact that in his later years he "piked" sitting down, he got a lot of work done. He knew the knack of splitting up a rock with a comparatively light tap using the minimum of effort.

Liberty A Well Kept Pike.

One of the best kept turnpikes was the Liberty, leading over Tussey mountain from Martinsburg to Broad Top. This route has been taken over by the state and construction has now turned it into a smooth solid military road.

Originally known as the Morrisons Cove and Woodcock Valley turnpike, the company which built it was organized May 8, 1854.

A glance at the personnel of the company reveals some fine old Blair and Huntingdon county family names. They are James Entriaken, John Broombaugh, J. T. Shirley, John King, Isaac Rhodes, E. H. Lytle, Dr. John Getty, Frederick Rhodes and John Hagay.

Money was raised by selling 240 shares of stock at \$25 a share, making a total of \$6,000 capital. That amount looks pretty trifling when compared with the immense outlay entailed in the construction of the present road.

Irishman Built Road.

A corps of Irish workmen was hired to do the heavy work, pounding

rocks and digging ditches. It is a curious fact that the Irish immigrant pick and shovel gangs laid the railroad as well as the first turn pike roads in the Cove.

An Irishman's first introduction to the land of the free and the home of the brave was a ditch and a rock pile.

The road followed the route of one of the oldest trails leading into the Cove. It is identified with the first struggling efforts of settlers to gain a foothold in this fertile valley.

Near the road under a great walnut on the Warren Ferry farm lies the lonely grave of Conrad Metzger, a Revolutionary soldier.

For many years it has been Frank Shriver's annual custom to put a flag on the grave on Memorial day.

Mr. Shriver knows nothing authentic about the long-dead soldier's service to his country. The inscription on the ancient marker gives 1800 as the date of his death.

All he knows was told him by the late David Wineland, who died some years ago in his nineties. It is unfortunate that the historical lore of the aged man never was written down for he knew more interesting data about the old times in Morrisons Cove than any one else.

Metzger's Experience With Indians.

One story the old gentleman told about Conrad Metzger lingers in Mr. Shriver's memory.

It seems that Mr. Metzger and his family lived in a log cabin at the spring on the old Rhodes farm now owned by Warren Ferry.

The stone farm house in which the Ferry family resides bears on its west gable the date wrought in iron figures, 1816, as the year of its erection.

It is the third house built on or near the site. Therefore the Metzger cabin must have been one of the first in the central section of the Cove.

The location must have been well known to the Indians, since they

called the brook that flows from the spring, "Singing Water."

Apparently having been warned of an impending Indian raid, Conrad Metzger had sent his family to a place of safety while he remained behind to see what would happen.

Night fell. In the dim light Mr. Metzger from his place of vigil in the cabin, saw the door open silently. As silently it slowly swung shut.

A second time the door opened and closed again, although no visible agency could be seen by the intent eyes of the watcher.

Slowly, cautiously the door opened a third time. This was warning enough for the man inside the cabin. He stole out by a secret passage and made his escape to the mountain.

As he looked back he saw the straw stack burning. Shortly the fire communicated to the house and he saw it consumed by the flames. When he considered it safe to return, all that remained of his homestead was a broad ax. The rest had been reduced to ashes. Mr. Shriver saw the ax. It most likely is still in existence.

Man Frozen On Tussey.

Christ Rhodes, of Curryville, one bitterly cold morning thirty some years ago, while enroute to the other side of Tussey mountain to get a sled load of coal, found a corpse in the road, frozen almost solid.

Hearing the jingle of bells behind him he waited until Isaac Dilling, a neighbor, caught up with him. The two teamsters loaded the rigid body on to Mr. Rhodes' sled and took it to the other side of the mountain.

The men recognized the unfortunate wayfarer as a resident of that section. Mr. Rhodes had seen him near Fredericksburg the morning before. Although visibly under the influence of intoxicants, the man attempted to climb the hard, long trail to his home.

When he had almost reached the crest, he asked a teamster who was homeward bound to the Cove for

a ride. Thus instead of going towards home, the poor fellow unwittingly was traveling in the opposite direction.

Arriving at the foot of the western slope of the mountain, he must have come to himself sufficiently to have realized the mistake. At any rate he again turned his face homeward and undertook to toil through the heavy snow to once more make the ascension of the rugged slope of the mountain.

He had succeeded in climbing half way to the top, when exhausted by the cold and exertion, he fell in his tracks and froze to death.

Chased By Bear.

The late John Shirley claimed that he made the champion record for the fastest foot work ever known on the Liberty turnpike. The reason he went so fast he was trying to outrun a bear.

While coming down the mountain perhaps sixty years ago he found two bear cubs. The little chaps were so cute that he picked them up and started to carry them home.

Shortly thereafter he met a tramp who was going up the mountain on his way to Marklesburg. The tramp admired the little bears so much that he persuaded Mr. Shirley to let him have them.

Empty handed, Mr. Shirley headed for home when with a terrifying roar Mrs. Bear plunged out through the bushes and took after the cub catcher as hard as she could go.

The man took a near cut home by leaving the road where it makes a wide curve about half way up the mountain.

Leaping over stones, tearing through the underbrush, sliding, rolling, tumbling and running, the man succeeded in out-distancing the bear by a narrow squeak. Madam Bruin never suspected that the tramp was in charge of her off-spring.

Berry Picking Incident.

Miss Susie Brumbaugh, of Martins-

burg, tells about one of the most ludicrous incidents that ever happened on the road. The late Mrs. Anna Graul, nee Metzger, was the leading figure.

While out with a blackberry picking party, she untied the horses and climbed into the wagon seat, ready to start as soon as the rest of the pickers arrived.

Kicking and switching at the flies the horses kept backing toward the side of the road. Tired and otherwise occupied, the young woman paid no attention.

One more push backward and over went the wagon crashing down the embankment. Ann was thrown out head first into a lard can of berries.

Except that she looked something like a sack of jelly she was not much hurt. The horses were scratched and bruised and the wagon had to be taken apart and hoisted to the road in sections.

A Corpse That Disappeared.

Frank Shriver's grandfather, Samuel Shriver, saw a disquieting apparition along this road many years ago. On his way home from Martinsburg at late dusk, he saw a dead man dangling from a limb of a large tree by the road side.

The corpse was well-dressed, since Mr. Shriver noticed a silk shawl was draped over the shoulders.

Hurrying back to town, Mr. Shriver sought an officer of the law to help cut down the body. When the men returned to the scene of the hanging nothing was there. No sign of a body could be found.

It was another Metzger, likely a relative of Conrad, the Revolutionary veteran, who owned hundreds of acres of land lying between Martinsburg and Fredericksburg.

Sacrilege Brought Bad Luck.

Although a pious man, he cut wheat one time on a Sunday. Bad luck followed fast after that. Not one of his

sons ever owned an acre of their father's extensive domain.

The old gray beards who told the story to Frank Shriver when he was a boy assured him that was on account of the sacrilege of reaping wheat on the Sabbath.

Yes, the old road, if it could talk, could tell many strange episodes. Vast changes have succeeded one another on the quiet farms that border what once was the Liberty turnpike.

As Mr. Shriver says, in years gone by, all a farmer needed to be well equipped was a team of horses, a

plow, shovel plow, a spike harrow and a couple of cows.

With this meagre outfit, he worked himself out of poverty to comparative riches. Hard times were his usual lot. Unacquainted with the luxuries of the modern scale of living, he was not called on to lose sleep at night while he tried to study out ways of raising the money to support them.

Surely the lives of the pioneers are an object lesson of the blessings of peace and spiritual well being which attend simplicity in living.

Old Blacksmith Shop at Henrietta

"Ya, das ist ein schnitzie bank."

The words of the old German roundelay pop into your head when you see the schnitzle bank (whittling bench or shaving horse) in the Levi Miller blacksmith shop at the foot of the eastern slope of Tussey mountain south of Henrietta.

Four generations of Millers have sat on the ancient work bench, shaping with diligent drawing knife rough lumber into finished spokes, wheels and parts of wagons and wheel barrows.

The log blacksmith shop, survival of other days and far different times, is a very interesting sign post pointing back to what seems like pioneer history.

Age Is Not Known.

No one knows exactly how old it is, but it can not be far off from the century mark.

It was built by James Miller, father of Levi Miller. The builder, then a young man, cut down great pine and oak trees, hewing with his ax the logs and timbers from which the shop is constructed.

Some of the logs are crumbling, but a water tight roof has replaced the original shingles, and on the whole

it puts up a sturdy resistance to rain and weather.

It is just a little hard to picture the quiet road which winds past the shop and up over the mountain, now grass-grown and little traveled, as having once been a busy thoroughfare over which almost endless processions of high English bed wagons, drawn by horses and oxen, rattled and clanked over the ruts and breakers.

The road in those early days was known as the Broad Top road, a name which no longer is associated with it except in old deeds to the farms which bound it.

Fine-Stand For Business.

It was a good business proposition to set up a blacksmith shop at the foot of the mountain. Morrisons Cove was one of the leading iron centers in the United States.

The Cove charcoal iron was high grade. In fact, the best quality money could buy. Mr. Miller says it was much more malleable than the present day product. It would lend itself to hammering into any form without breaking or flawing.

A charcoal road skirted the foot of the mountain from the Broad Top road clear to Rebecca Furnace. A

stream of wagons bearing smoking loads of charcoal burnt from wood cut on the mountain, lumbered over this road.

Loads of grain consigned to the Baltimore market, and at a later period to the Broad top railway freight station at Stonerstown, went past the Miller blacksmith shop.

Here the wagoners stopped to rest their teams preparatory to undertaking the mile-long pull up the steep mountain grade. In the interim they had repairs made and their horses shod. Mr. Miller found the shop to have been a profitable venture.

In fact, he made out so well that his father, John Miller, who long had operated a wagon making shop at Millerstown, moved to a location across the road from the blacksmith shop, and established a remunerative trade.

Men Worked Long Hours.

A thirty hour week would have been nothing less than a joke to the Miller men. Every stroke of work that entered into the construction of a wagon, from cutting down the tough swamp white oaks standing along the river on the other side of the mountain, to hammering and welding the tires and shrinking them on the wheels, was done by hand.

It was nothing unusual for them to work from daylight to mid-night. It is no wonder that Grandfather John Miller's back was bent nearly double and that Levi Miller is worn out at 68.

That was when the schnitzle bank figured. During the hours of darkness, by the light of a swinging lantern and the glow from the fire place, they sat and whittled wheel spokes, hubs and rims into shape. By working at night and during the winter, they always had an advance supply of wheels drying out on the shop attic.

The most conspicuous object in the shop is the leather bellows, made during the time of the Civil War and in

use ever since. It looks as good as new and performs its purpose as well as on the first day it was installed, when the Blair county furnaces and forges ran full blast to supply the iron for guns and cannon balls for the armies of Meade and Grant.

Bellows Work Of Art.

The bellows are very ornate. Decorated with rosettes and scallops it is a fine example of the artistic handicraft of some long ago dead and forgotten Cove workman.

James Miller had a reputation which extended far beyond the confines of the Cove for making horse shoe nails. He hammered them on the anvil out of iron bars. With a few motions of hammer and wrist, almost too quick for the eye to follow, he could turn out a nail complete, head and all. He was so expert that he could hammer out two nails from the same heat, a feat but few of the old timers could do.

Years ago while Levi Miller was serving on the grand jury in Bedford, there were two blacksmiths serving besides himself.

The others, one from Pavia and the other from Ore Hill, both were old-timers at the trade. Naturally the talk switched to blacksmithing. After discussing the art of making horse shoe nails, the jury men adjourned to the county alms house where the old blacksmiths offered to give a demonstration of their ability to make the nails by hand.

They did a good job but their skill was not equal to that of James Miller. It took a peculiar knack and long practice to acquire real proficiency.

"Hello, Mr. Blacksmith, I've brought a pair of oxen to be shod."

Confronted by a proposition of that kind, the present day blacksmith doubtless, scratching his head in perplexity, would try to excuse himself by saying:

"But I have no shoes for oxen."

"Well, make some."

The 1934 model of Vulcan would be stumped. Not so James Miller, the founder of the Miller blacksmith shop. Turning out shoes for oxen, as well as the nails, and then clamping them on the cloven hoofs of the beasts, was all in the day's work.

Of course, an ox shoe had to be in two parts. The crescent-like irons were fastened on with nails of a special size and shape. Horse shoe nails were not adapted to the purpose.

During Mr. Miller's later years, only a few farmers made practical use of oxen as work animals. D. T. Morrell, general manager of the Cambria Iron works and farms at Henrietta, had two pairs of oxen conspicuous for great size and strength.

John Frederick, father of Homer Frederick of Henrietta, and John Wisler also used ox teams. It was in line with the strict economy practiced in that era to train cattle to harness. After they had done duty as motive power, they replenished the family meat barrel with corned beef.

Oxen were in full glory at an earlier period at the time when the pack path was the chief road over Tussey's mountain.

Pack Path Over Tussey.

Vestiges of the pack path can still be found by the old-timers who were familiar with its course. It was the shortest route to Stonerstown, the leading trade outlet for the residents on the hither slope of the mountain.

It antedated the Broad Top road, having most likely been blazed by the first settlers in the Henrietta and Paradise districts.

Levi Miller recalls stories told by the old folks when he was a boy, that the pioneers on the Cove side of the mountain rode over this trail, leading in tow a pack horse laden with grain which was taken to the nearest mill at Standing Stone, (Huntingdon) to be ground into meal.

This path was resorted to by the young blades when, bent on fun or

a night out, they tramped over to Stonerstown or Saxton in hilarious groups.

The high-water mark of its popularity was reached when the news was spread abroad that Sam Kinney had found gold. The hangers-on at the blacksmith shop were so excited that they nearly swallowed their "chaw ter wock."

Gold Discovery A Fake.

Yep, he had struck gold. The mine lay just off the pack path near the summit of the mountain. Lumps of mineral flecked with glittering particles of what appeared to be the stuff for which men imperil their lives and honor, had been dug out of the depths of the mine.

Crowds of men and boys climbed up the path to gaze into the shaft. Some saw visions of the wealth of Ophir rising out of that hole in the ground, which would bring into materialization all their desires for ease, luxury and pleasure.

Others, loudly scoffing, made derisive remarks about the possibility of the bowels of old Tussey yielding anything more valuable than clay and limestone.

When it eventually became known that the mine had been salted with iron melted with shavings of pennies and discarded odds and ends of copper, the stories retailed at the blacksmith shop during leisurely evenings were nearly as robust and well worth the hearing, as if gold had been actually discovered.

No question about it, the Kinney gold mine hoax was the biggest practical joke that ever has been sprung in the Cove.

Early Hunters Successful.

Trophies of the hunt usually decorated the exterior walls of the shop. The stretched pelts of squirrels, weasels, raccoons and gigantic hawks and owls attested to the marksmanship of Henry Stonerook and Joe Wineland back in the days before the

common citizens of the United States had attained the affluence which demands the silks, satins and furs heretofore reserved for the favored rich.

There was no market for furs. The idea of a skunk hide being esteemed as a trimming for ladies' wearing apparel would have elicited raucous guffaws from the old-timers.

Skunks, or polecats in every day speech, were the bane of the community. For good reason, they had to be killed at long range—the longer the better.

Christopher Stonerook, grandfather of Postmaster Henry B. Stonerook, of Curryville, slaughtered them by the score, using an ingenious method all his own.

Baiting them in hugh box traps, he would spring the traps and, from a safe distance, shoot the odoriferous kitties as they ran for their lives.

Henrietta has always been noted for its hunters. Present day counterparts of Henry Stonerook and Joe Wineland are Harry Ketner and Spencer Horton, who could regale the blacksmith shop habitués with some interesting tales of game that has fallen to their straight shooting.

Blacksmith Shop Passing.

Impaired health and the traveling blacksmith, who comes to individual farms to shoe horses, have almost put Levi Miller on the shelf. His son William, during off days from his work in the Altoona railroad shops, does the major part of the shoeing, repairing, making wheel barrows and the like.

In his prime Mr. Miller never saw the horse he was afraid of. He never roped a fractious animal, put it in the stock nor used the twitch.

The twitch was a noose of leather drawn through a stick in such a way that a horse's upper lip could be held and twisted until the pain engendered would distract its attention from the driving of its shoes.

He only ever encountered one horse

he could not shoe. That was a spirited western animal owned by the late Jacob Latshaw, who for some years lived near Henrietta on the farm now the property of Lloyd McGraw.

The Latshaw horse defied virtually all the blacksmiths of the central and southern part of the Cove. He broke loose from shackling ropes and every other contrivance whereby strong and nervy smiths tried to subdue him, but none of them ever succeeded in putting on more than his hind shoes.

Mr. Miller declares that a horse senses when a blacksmith is afraid of it. Even the mildest old nag will cut up didoes just on general principle if it "gets hep" to the man's timidity.

Was Good Wagonmaker.

During his active years, Mr. Miller was as good at making wagons as shoeing horses. The Miller brand was built to last. In order to ease them over the rough road of the pre-automobile era, farm wagons were fitted with rear wheels five feet in diameter, while the front ones were but three and one-half feet high.

The last wagon he made, complete from bed to tires, was for his brother-in-law, the late "Pete" Clapper. That was thirty-five or forty years ago. The Miller wagons, good as they were, followed the road to oblivion, their place being taken by the factory made article.

The weathered log blacksmith shop can lay claim to being one of the oldest still in use in this part of the state.

If those old walls had the power to reanimate the scenes which transpired there or to give tongue to the stories which succeeding generations of frequenters told in the light of the forge fire, there would march in review feats of strength, tales of war, ghosts, hunting, comedy and pathos, that would thrill and delight us.

Shop Holds Happy Memories.

To Mr. Miller and his wife, nee Polly Stonerook, it is more than a

work shop. It is a place of happy memories inasmuch as they can pride themselves on the years of honest service it has given to the community.

Their sons, Frank, of Roaring Spring, and William, of Henrietta, are married and living in their own homes. Mr. and Mrs. Miller live alone in the house to which they moved forty years ago.

They love the view which is bounded by the mountain whose wooded

crests draw the horizon very close on all sides.

The bustle of trade and industry has been replaced by quiet, contented days, whose peace is but rarely broken by passing traffic.

For the once teeming Broad Top road is overgrown and but faintly discernible as it leaves the valley to climb up the ramparts of old Tusseys range.

Early Reminiscences of John Ulery

Installment 1

Never had an election reached the boiling over point in Morrisons Cove to the extent of the one of 1880.

The Democratic party, still smarting with resentment at its overthrow by the upstart Republican opposition which was born in the split up of opinion over slavery and secession, made a supreme effort to win.

Its candidate for the presidency was General Winfield Scott Hancock, distinguished for gallantry at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg.

He was a Pennsylvanian, born and bred. Hence it was but natural that his Democratic followers in the old Keystone state should wax enthusiastic.

His opponent was General James A. Garfield, also a distinguished officer in the Civil War, and with the added qualification of a well-warranted reputation for legislative ability and statesmanship.

The Democrats of Woodbury were so sure of General Hancock's election that they planned to have a pole raising to celebrate the victory.

Never in the Cove, perhaps never in the whole United States had a flag pole of such towering height been heretofore erected.

Yes sir, it was to be the tallest flag pole ever seen, triumphantly declared the local proponents of the idea. Why, the Republicans wouldn't even be men enough to put up a pole of that altitude!

John H. Ulery, of Potter Creek, well known in the Cove and other parts of the state, as a weaver and first class citizen, tells the story.

Tells Of Flag Raising.

He was a young man of 18 at that time and, although he was a Republican by political conviction, he was nearly as much interested in the forth coming celebration as the hot-headed adherents of Hancock.

Under the direction of 'Squire George Imbler a hickory pole was spliced together to a length of 210 feet.

A deep hole was dug across the street from Billy Pearson's bar room, now the Witters' hotel. Many of the rigidly orthodox sects in the Cove shook heads in disapproval, asserting that no good would come from such presumptuous goings on.

The first mishap occurred when Joe Madara, of Bakers Summit, dressed in a dapper white suit and driving a high-stepping horse hitched to a sulky drove over the edge of the hole and was jolted in.

Fished out by the herculean efforts of a band of volunteers, who came to the rescue with ropes, Mr. Madara, with his erstwhile stylish white suit plastered all over with mud, was a sight to behold.

At length the time came for the raising. Derricks were rigged with ropes and chains and a corps of the faithful, with much ill-suppressed excitement, awaited the command of 'Squire Imler to heave on the cables.

Sammy Ritter, a youth of 17, who had been delegated to the task of climbing the pole to fly the flag from its top, took a station under an adjacent tree.

With much straining, shouting and sweating, the gigantic pole was slowly pulled upward on its ascent through the air.

Fatal Accident Occurred

Without warning a cable broke, letting the ponderous pole crash to the ground. Poor Sammy Ritter, vibrant with youth and enthusiasm, was struck in its downward course, and instantly killed, his head having been battered to a pulp.

Not only had the stalwart pole raisers to suffer the consternation engendered by the unwitting tragedy of Sammy Ritter's death, but they furthermore had to endure the humiliation of defeat in the election.

In fact, it is said that some of them were so remorseful that they did not vote at all that fall. Sammy's father never cast a vote after the boy was killed.

The principal speaker at the dinner which preceded the pole raising was the Honorable John M. Reynolds, of Bedford, well known to our elderly residents as a brilliant orator and member of Congress. Although an ardent Democrat at the time of the incident above related, the assassination of President Garfield so affected him, that he changed his politics, thereafter running on the Republican ticket.

Voters Were Serious.

Mr. Ulery says the voters used to take elections much more seriously than they do now. Differences of opinion were made the occasion for free-for-all fights which left an aftermath of black eyes and bruised and battered faces in the wake of election day.

Before Woodbury and Bloomfield townships were divided (the latter having formerly been a part of Woodbury township) the Ore Hill and the Hickory Bottom districts were hereditary rivals. When the Madaras, of Ore Hill, and the Breidenthals of Hickory Bottom, came together the fights that ensued took a high reckoning in black eyes, bloody noses and teeth knocked from their sockets.

Veering from the old time elections, Mr. Ulery, whose inclination to joke cannot long be held in abeyance, let his recollections stray back to the time when bicycles were in vogue. Everybody had the urge to spin around on wheels. The funniest thing he ever saw was the spectacle of two men on a tandem, one of them drunk and the other sober. The performance, although without intention to amuse the onlookers, made them laugh until their sides ached.

Came From Germany.

Mr. Ulery, as the name implies, is of German descent. He was born at Waterside, February 21, 1862, the son of Adam Ulery and Sarah Rodkey Ulery, his wife.

His father, Adam Ulery, came to America from his birthplace, Darmstadt, Germany, when he was but six years old. That was in 1831 or 1832.

Adam's father had died a short time before. His widowed mother, poor and with five small children to care for, decided to try her luck in America.

The four in a sailing vessel took all the money the widow had, consequently when the forlorn little family landed in Baltimore, they were ab-

solutely without means to go farther inland, although the brave woman had brought a wagon over on the boat with the intention of going to farming.

Can we, sheltered and secure in our comfortable homes, conceive of the undaunted courage which actuated this woman to leave her home land and kinsfolk to pursue her hope of better fortune in a strange country three thousand miles away?

Sold Daughter To Raise Funds.

Now that she was in America, penniless, what did she do? She sold one of her daughters to a rich Baltimore family.

The money thus obtained enabled her, with her remaining daughter and three little boys, to continue the journey overland until they reached Loysburg Gap.

She settled on a little farm in the vicinity of the Gap and by dint of hard work and good management, the emigrant family was able to make a living.

However, she had no peace on account of her heart troubling her about the fate of the girl she had sold into what amounted to slavery. She could not rest until she saw her again.

As soon as she had saved sufficient money, Mrs. Ulery packed up food and a few articles of wearing apparel and set out on foot to make the long trip to Baltimore.

Walked to Baltimore.

She tramped the weary miles over the rough roads and at length arrived at the house in which her daughter was held as a servant. The master and mistress being away from home, Mrs. Ulery persuaded the girl to take French leave, and the two of them walked the whole way back to the little farm near Loysburg.

This daughter in course of time became the wife of Christian Snyder. Her sister Barbara married a man from Bedford by the name of Carver.

Adam, the six year old boy, was

bound out to John Keagy, owner of a woolen mill at Middlebrook, to learn the trade of weaving.

The other two Ulery boys, when they reached manhood, went west, Casper settling in Missouri and John in Oregon. The latter made the trip to the Pacific coast in a covered wagon.

2nd. INSTALLMENT

In the funk of his first battle many a Union soldier boy in his callow teens doubtless had the feeling that the whole Confederate army was after him.

It remained for Adam Ulery to actually have that experience. General Robert E. Lee and his entire forces chased at his heels.

As we mentioned in the preceding installment, Adam Ulery, while yet a mere child, was bound out to John Keagy to learn weaving.

During the Civil War and for many years afterward Mr. Ulery drove a wool wagon over the country. That is, he peddled the products of the Keagy Woolen mill, consisting of blankets, flannels, cassimere and the finer cloths used for women's dresses, bartering them for raw wool and making a cash sale wherever the opportunity offered.

Almost Encounters Army.

Early in the summer of 1863, while making his regular rounds south of the Mason and Dixon line in Maryland, he received the news that the Confederate army, on the march to invade Pennsylvania, was just a short distance away.

Turning around, he lashed his horses and headed for home as hard as he could go. Afraid to stop to make inquiry, he was unable to find out whether the Rebels were gaining on him or not.

At a gait that rivalled Paul Revere's famous ride, he kept on traveling until he reached home. Even so, the news of the confederate invasion

had preceded him.

John Keagy and his sons stripped the mill of its store of goods and hid them in secret places in the woods and ravines.

Their neighbors, following suite, also hastened to hide their valuables in places which they hoped would baffle the enemy's search. Every family in the Cove awaited its doom with tense apprehension. Had it not been for the brave defense the sons of Pennsylvania put up at Gettysburg, the fears of the people of the Cove might have been realized.

Boy Became Prosperous Man

Adam Ulery, the little German boy was bound out in childhood. America had improved his condition in life to the extent that none of his eight children, seven daughters and his only son John, had to undergo that hardship.

John did not go into the mill until he was seventeen. The Ulery family had moved to Slabtown when he was two years old. Arrived at school age, he went to the Shady Grove school where he learned his a-b-abs and gradually worked through the common school course.

During intermission the boys played town ball, using a "gum" ball which John made out of chunks of rubber he confiscated from the brake blocks of his father's "wool" wagon.

Any middle-aged man in the Cove today will bear witness to how those "gummies" could sting when they were caught bare handed. It took courage to face those whizzing missiles when they were thrown by a husky pitcher who could put the steam on them.

At Christmas time any teacher who showed no symptoms of treating the "scholars" was promptly locked out until he promised to come across with the treat.

The Shady Grove pupils got fooled on one occasion. They locked Abram

Woodcock out at noon. Instead of registering a protest, he jumped on his horse, which was his means of transportation from his home at Waterside to the school and rode away lickety-split, leaving the discomfited big boys to make the best of the situation.

When he returned the next morning, the usual routine was resumed. No reference was made to the episode, since to do so would have been an admission by the boys of their defeat. Among Mr. Ulery's other teachers were Uriah Stuckey and the late Lee Brumbaugh.

As soon as Mr. Ulery quit school, he went into the Keagy mill to learn weaving. There were six water power looms. Weaving, however, was not the only activity at which he was employed.

The wool had to be washed and graded by hand. The grader rapidly pulled the wool apart and sorted it according to its quality into four classes.

The coarsest fibers were put in a pile to be used for carpets. The next grade was used for blankets, the third for cassimere, a heavy cloth out of which men's coats and suits were made, and the very finest grade was woven into cloths designed for women's wearing apparel.

A good grader could sort as much as a hundred pounds in a day. Mr. Ulery did it day after day. It was nothing unusual for him to weave twenty yards of carpet in a day.

Wages were Small.

His wages were based on piece work. At the standard rate of 5 cents a yard, he earned \$1.00 a day, working ten hours. Now-a-days the weavers would be shouting exploitation and sweat shop penury and would demand the might of the government to raise their pay.

To a man of Mr. Ulery's grit and background of unrelieved toil, modern labor's contention for a thirty hour

week for a forty hour pay is nothing short of ridiculous.

Days when he encountered snarls and knots, he did well to make fifty cents. Yet he and his good wife managed to raise a family and buy a home out of those meager wages. However, in later years when he worked in Armstrong and Tioga counties, he got more than that.

Demonstrating the various weavers' knots for the benefit of The Herald reporter, he casually remarked that in his prime he could tie 900 knots in an hour. The newspaper scribe would have done well to tie 90 for in unpracticed fingers, the threads develop a cantankerousness hard to master.

Mr. and Mrs. Ulery still use on their beds, blankets which he wove fifty years ago, a beautiful strip of carpet whose bright colors deny the thirty years' wear it has had, still lies on the parlor floor.

Materials and workmanship that defy time like that make some of our modern products appear pretty shoddy. As a matter of fact, Mr. Ulery still has a loom and in spite of his seventy some years, he turns out a piece of work that proves that his fingers have not lost their cunning.

Odd Use For Old Mill.

The old Keagy mill, built in 1869, in which Mr. Ulery worked so many years, is now used as a chicken house. It is safe to say, surely, that no other chickens in the United States have such an aristocratic boarding house.

Three stories high, there are two cupolas on the roof that add another story, so that the high flyers among the poultry can roost away up towards the clouds.

The old mill has had a varied history. Samuel and Abram Keagy, sons of John Keagy, succeeded their father in its ownership. Clouse and Carper were the next owners, followed by Clouse and Reighard. Herman Clouse is the present owner.

Mr. Ulery's right hand and arm bears the scars of an injury that almost tore the flesh from the bones. Caught in the belt of a power loom, his arm was badly mangled, but he recovered the full use of it.

Sees Strange Apparition.

While returning home one moonlight night after spending the evening with his best girl, Mr. Ulery saw coming towards him in the woods near Slabtown, a man with a long flowing beard.

The first glance conveyed the intelligence that this was no natural being. There was something so weird and uncanny about the figure that it made the young man's hair stand on end.

Never pausing, the apparition came striding to meet Mr. Ulery. What would happen when they came together? His heart almost stopped beating.

He drew a revolver he happened to have with him and fired point blank at the "hant." As the explosion roared, the thing seemed to pop into nothingness just like a burst balloon.

Mr. Ulery's wife had been a twister in the Keagy mill at Middle Brook. Thus through the medium of their work, they had a similarity of interests.

She was Miss Sarah Richter. They were married at Waterside, July 8, 1894, by Reverend Levi Holsinger. They have two children, Mrs. Mary Swartz, who lives near her parent's home, and Adam, residing at home. An adopted son, Charles Ulery, lives at Duncansville.

Have Hospitable Home.

They greet the visitor to their home with a courtesy and hospitality that is most refreshing. Time has stamped lines in their faces that denote kindness, contentment and integrity. They are the kind of folks you are glad to know.

Among the interesting antiques in

their home is a red silk bandana handkerchief that belonged to Henry Furney, Mrs. Ulery's step-father, who died long ago at the age of ninety. Although it is at least one hundred and twenty-five years old, not a single thread of the fabric is cut from wear.

Mr. Ulery carries a handsome solid gold watch which has kept time reliably for fifty years. They moved into their present home right after their marriage, hence they feel for it and the keepsakes they have, the strong attachment that grows from long and pleasant association.

THEY LIVE.

By F. C. DODSON

As now we come to summer's close
Where is the fragrance of the rose?
Its glorious petals drooped and died,
And have been rudely cast aside.
Where is the beauty that it bore,
Has it been lost forever more?
The flower lover answers, "Nay,
Those memories will live for aye.

Sweet strains of music hold us fast,
They link the present to the past;
So when they cease their work is done,
But well we know they linger on
To cheer and bless through coming days,
To lift our lives to higher ways.
The song, the rose their message brought,
And who can tell the good they wrought?

'Tis well we should remember this—
We never know the grief or bliss
That someone carries in his heart,
Because we failed, or did our part.
Those thoughts and acts released must speed
To heal a wound or make it bleed;
And what you thought was blotted out,
Like Banquo's ghost still stalks about.

GIVING THANKS.

By F. C. DODSON.

This day we've set apart
That we may stop to say,
"For all that Thou didst give,
We thank Thee, Lord today."
Should we attempt to count
The mercies of the year,
Our attitude would change,
We'd hold this day more dear.

We pray for things we want,
Petitions oft arise,
But if they selfish are
Our prayer a'bornng dies;
Our gratitude and love
Sometime we surely owe,
To Him who gave and gives
The greatest gifts we know.

Look back across the year,
And we must surely see
He has not failed; perhaps
The failure was that we
Our part have let undone,
Far back beyond recall,
And whether good or ill
The curtain had to fall.

There's hope if we resolve
That we about will face,
And in the days to come
Let things of worth have place.
Not always praying, "Give",
Try "Thanks" along the way;
Thus ev'ry day you live
Will be Thanksgiving Day.

Each waking moment we are
thinking or doing various things;
why not do and think along worth
while lines?

We often spend ten times as much
time thinking about doing something
as it would require to do it.

Our money as well as our tires may
suffer from too much inflation.

Yesterday was, today is, and that
is as far as we know.

